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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE coal situation shows no definite improvement, but there is a new feeling of optimism in the air. The T.U.C., which earlier in the week refused the miners' request for an embargo on foreign coal, on Wednesday agreed to a voluntary levy on other trade unionists in support of the miners. But fresh hopes have been raised by the efforts of the T.U.C. to persuade the Federation to allow them to negotiate on the miners' behalf with the Government. Mr. Churchill seems to have given them some sort of assurance that the Government will be prepared to reopen the question of an over-riding national framework if the leaders will agree to send the men back immediately on district terms. It is almost inconceivable that Mr. Cook and his colleagues, contemptuous as they have shown themselves of the public welfare and the true interests of their men, can refuse this last opportunity.

The coal ration, which will, no doubt, be a blessing in certain country districts, is a mere nuisance elsewhere. In Hampstead, for instance, coal was being freely sold, from door to door,

up to to-day; and the householder had only his own conscience to consult as to what quantity he should buy. A system of registration will, no doubt, put a stop to any hoarding that may be going on in such fortunate districts, but it will require very careful organization unless the monkey tricks associated with war-time meat and sugar tickets are to be repeated. If it is simply a question of drawing your permit and then falling in at the back of the queue to draw another one, that only gives the unemployed workman another advantage over the man at work. And the rule of one hundredweight per week per household, whatever its size, is one that obviously cannot be pressed. On the whole we shall wait and see before deciding off-hand that the coal-rationing system is at present worth the candle. But there is more than a hope that it need not much longer continue.

A fifth attempt to assassinate Signor Mussolini has happily failed. Political assassins are notoriously bad shots, and the Bolognese youth proved to be no exception. All but the most fanatical anti-Fascists will rejoice, both on humanitarian grounds and also because murder settles nothing either in private or in public affairs. The use of force either individually or collectively leads to the

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ultimate mobilization of force to resist it. The story of Tsarist Russia is full of illustrations of alternate terrorism and repression. Signor Mussolini displayed, as usual, an almost uncanny calm after the bullet had severed the ribbon of one of his medals. It is no wonder that superstitious peasants are beginning to think him invulnerable. But five attempts form a significant series of attacks. Is Italy so solidly united in favour of Fascismo after all? Can a nation be contented and happy when people are ready to throw away their lives on the chance of taking the Duce's? The suppression of a few more Opposition newspapers has followed the attack, which also seems odd in a country where nobody opposes Fascismo and therefore there is no Opposition.

A serious situation has been caused by the action of the Peking Government in denouncing the treaty with Belgium; serious, that is to say, if treaties with the Peking Government can be considered of any value in these days. The Chinese have proposed that Belgium should agree to signing a new treaty within six months, and it is their intention to insist on the revocation of extra-territorial privileges and the recognition of China's tariff independence. In fact, Belgium is to choose between a treaty on Chinese terms or no treaty at all. If the Peking demands are accepted in a meek spirit of thankfulness for small mercies, the other European Powers which have treaties with China will receive the same treatment. The treaties will have to be revised: everyone is agreed on that. But while revision should follow lines that will satisfy the Chinese, it must also follow lines that will safeguard foreign interests. A revision which consists solely of the concession of extravagant Chinese demands must be firmly opposed. If the interested Powers could only make up their minds to unite in self-defence, the situation might yet be saved. But in the face of disunion Peking, which dares not say boo to a Chinese soldier, can snap its fingers at Europe.

The procedure of an American election is as baffling to a European as the issues and platforms on which it is fought. But there are one or two deductions that may safely be drawn from the elections to the Senate and the House of Representatives that have just taken place. In the Senate the Republicans have lost their clear majority and the balance of power will be in the hands of a small group of Radical Republicans. Mr. Coolidge's own campaign manager, Senator Butler, has been defeated, although he alone of all the candidates had the open support of the President. Mr. Coolidge's prestige suffers accordingly. In New York State Governor Al Smith has been re-elected by a large majority, and this popular Catholic anti-prohibitionist has thus been hoisted into the real leadership of the Democrats. Whether Governor Smith will obtain the nomination for the Presidency in 1928 is another matter. The Southern States are a solid Democratic block, and they are mainly Protestant and "dry." The United States will be the loser if one of its really efficient and honest men is debarred by his

religion from standing for the Presidency. The Prohibitionist issue in the elections is enough to bewilder the most enlightened observer. States have voted "wet" and then elected "dry" candidates. Others shirked the issue. Others again voted for beer with 2.75 per cent. of alcohol. Probably both parties will end by quietly ignoring it as a plank.

The story of a great international effort to help a stricken people is told in the report, just published, of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission. It was in 1924 that the League floated the Greek Refugee Loan and appointed its Commission. Ever since then continuous progress has been made. Over 700,000 refugees have been settled on the land and in industries. Sixty thousand houses have already been built, great tracts of empty land have been re-peopled. But several hundred thousand refugees have not yet been helped, and the Refugee Loan is almost exhausted. It is likely that the Greek Government will shortly apply for another loan, probably of about five million pounds, in order to finish off the work. Whether or not the loan is floated depends almost entirely on the prospective stability of the Athens Government. Another revolution would certainly scare timid investors who have seen hard-earned savings swallowed up elsewhere by political upheavals. Greek politicians who do not agree with the policy of General Condylis would do well to remember that his forcible overthrow might end in untold suffering for many thousands of innocent refugees.

The Betting Tax, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was going to work like clockwork from All Saints' Day onwards. But once again he has overlooked the personal factor. Our sympathies are with the bookmakers. Before a penny of this tax is collected, it should be made plain in the sight of all men whether betting is or is not illegal. It is ridiculous for a man to be able to bet under a roof or on a race-course knowing that the only officer of State he has to fear is the tax-collector, but if he commits the very same act on the pavement the policeman may pounce and he be hauled before the "beak." More than that. Even the man who bets under a roof, though safe from the attentions of the police, is not in a position to collect debts justly due to him by defaulters. In the eye of the civil law he remains an outlaw. The position of the bookmaker to-day is an offence to an Englishman's sense of honesty. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer is determined on the Betting Tax, let him see to it that without delay betting is legalized.

Sir Samuel Hoare's speech to the Imperial Conference is an important contribution to the development of Imperial aviation. His chief point, made with clear frankness, was that civil and military aviation are closely connected, and that progress in the former is essential for the defence of the Empire and its trade routes. But he also emphasized the inability of Britain to finance all the Imperial airways. The Dominions must assist, each adding its own links to make

the complete chain. For instance, Britain can undertake the airway to Egypt and from Egypt to India, but the Indian Government must extend it to Rangoon if the route to the Far East is to be carried on. From Rangoon India and Burma must collaborate with Australia if the route is to be completed. In the same way Britain can maintain the airway to Khartoum, or even some distance beyond, but the extension to Capetown must be the work of South Africa. An Imperial Air Conference should be held at the earliest possible moment in one of the Dominions to work out the details and allot the links which each Dominion will undertake to forge. Civil companies and military corps will have to co-operate closely in the formation and maintenance of the long distance routes which will bind the Empire together in time of peace and defend it in time of danger.

The King and Queen gave a dinner party at Buckingham Palace on Thursday evening to the Prime Ministers of the Dominions and the delegates of the Imperial Conference. The Prime Minister of England and other English Ministers were present. Democracy is one of those big, blessed words for which we have an innate dislike, but it is difficult to see how to avoid it here. Round the dinner table of the King were gathered the rulers of great nations in both hemispheres—men who had been chosen to rule by the free voice of their peoples. If this be not the apogee of democracy, it will be hard to discover it elsewhere. The presence at this dinner of the Maharajah of Burdwan was of special note. He is the Delegate from India, and speaking excellent English, bears testimony to at least one gift we have bestowed on the East—a *lingua franca*. This month elections, on the English plan, to the Legislative Councils are taking place in India. Yet it is barely seventy years, or two generations of men, since that country, distracted after the Mutiny, was taken over by the Crown. Now we are according to it virtually the same privileges which it took England seven hundred years to obtain.

Mr. Masterman's epitaph upon the public schools in this week's *Sunday Express* is typical of the attitude of the modern high-brow towards these ancient institutions. "Advanced" Liberals are just beginning to realize what other people have long known, that the public school curriculum is absurdly inadequate from the educational point of view. "Away with the hoary humbug," cry these reckless iconoclasts, delighted to find something they can agree to hit. Yet, for a moribund institution, the public schools seem to be doing extraordinarily well. Why is it necessary to put a boy's name down five, ten, fifteen years in advance—to queue up, so to speak, as you would for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera—unless this is the practical and convincing answer of the public to the kind of critic who has never understood their real taste either in education, or light opera—or politics?

There has just been reopened, at some expense, an ancient crypt beneath one of the City churches, and Mr. Baldwin has been speculating (in a

speech at the annual dinner of the British School in Athens) as to what will happen in the unlikely event of our descendants displaying the same feverish interest in us that we do in our own ancestors. Will they dig up cartloads of discarded safety-razor blades, and classify them in museums? It seems unlikely. This admiration for the past has never been paralleled in any previous civilization, and there is no reason to suppose that it will be repeated. When we have learnt to build in a manner satisfactory to ourselves—and surely that time must come—when we have re-established the arts and crafts, and acquired some confidence in our sculpture and painting, then the glamour that at present surrounds anything "old" will automatically disappear.

A correspondent has written to us with reference to our remark in a leading article last week about those people who believe so quaintly that Haut Brion and methylated spirits are both just alcohol. "You have touched the spot," he says. "I have looked up my dictionary and find that alcohol is the Arabic name for antimony, with which Arabian belles made black their eyebrows, and its present use is an entire distortion of its original meaning. But it is having its revenge as it comes so pleasantly to the lips—I mean the word, not the fluid. Nobody, except young fools (and they do not do it often) drink champagne for its alcohol, but for its ether, a much quicker stimulant. I know invalids to whom whisky is a poison, and brandy a veritable *eau de vie*. I have heard it asserted with eloquence that in claret the sun which ripened the grapes is still present, that you are really drinking violet rays, or whatever they term at the moment the curative quality of sunbeams." This sounds very pleasant, and certainly we agree that it would be wiser to bury the overworked and much-abused word "alcohol." No doctor will deny, out of his own experience, that the four common spirits, whisky, brandy, rum and gin, each possess a medicinal value on occasions, apart from the alcohol they contain.

The election of Mr. Edward J. Dent to the Professorship of Music at Cambridge is a matter for congratulation both to himself and his University. Mr. Dent's peculiar status in the world of music abroad is bound to raise Cambridge musical activities still higher in the esteem of foreign musicians. Since the revision of the statutes a generation back, the degree of Doctor of Music at Cambridge has been given for creative work rather than for learning. This is a strange view of the purpose of degrees, which by their name imply a possession of learning and an ability to teach. Degrees in literature are not given, except *honoris causa*, to poets and novelists, and a Mus. Doc. after his name is apt to give a composer a reputation for academic science rather than for inspiration. The professorship is, we therefore think, rightly bestowed on a man whose scholarship will add lustre to a great university, even though his compositions remain hidden in a drawer.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

THE results of the municipal elections provide Conservatives with matter for very serious thought. Polling took place in more than three hundred boroughs, and resulted in a net Conservative loss of sixty-eight seats, a Liberal loss of forty-eight seats, and a net Labour gain of no fewer than one hundred and forty-eight seats, the balance of Labour gains being at the expense of Independents. These gains were not confined to any one part of the country, but were very striking in nearly all parts of the industrial North and Midlands. Nor is it reassuring that the gains were greatest in those parts of the country which are suffering most from industrial depression and the coal stoppage. In Sheffield, for example, the Conservatives and Liberals formed a Coalition called the Citizens' Party, but that did not prevent Labour from winning six seats and securing a clear majority in the Council, and there were similar gains at Manchester, Leeds and Liverpool. It is necessary constantly to remind ourselves in London and the Home Counties that our barometer is singularly insensitive to the pressure of industrial (as distinguished from commercial) opinion, but it would be unwise to draw from these figures any inferences about what the working classes in the North think about the coal dispute.

The Potteries, for example, are completely dependent on coal, and it is significant that the greatest of the Labour gains are at Stoke-on-Trent; on the other hand, in Tyneside, a great coal-mining centre, Labour has done badly, losing at Gateshead a majority that it has had for two years, and at Tynemouth a miner who stood in the interests of the unemployed being defeated by an overwhelming vote. But while it would be wrong to deduce from the elections any conclusions about working class opinion on specific questions, they do seem to mean that industrial workers look to Labour for relief in their distress, and that is a sufficiently serious matter. It is true that Parliamentary polls have often contradicted municipal results, but that has usually been when some question of foreign policy was at issue. Now all politics seem to be money and wages in one form or another. Moreover, as rates are a greater burden on the staple industries than taxes, Socialism may be very much more dangerous in municipal than in national affairs.

But Labour victories are due much less to intellectual conviction than to better organization and to steadier and more constant work. It must regretfully be admitted that except at election times the Conservative and Liberal Parties take very little interest in local affairs. When a Conservative or Liberal distinguishes himself in local administration it is not by virtue of his party beliefs, but because he is a clearer thinker or has a better business head. While he is in office he gets neither criticism nor help from his party; he is as a rule no theorizer in municipal affairs, but merely takes facts and problems as they arise and makes the best of them. Indeed, until the Labour Party began to grow strong, the only reason why candidates for local government stood as Conservatives or Liberals was that there was no other way of getting the voters to

take an interest in the elections, and the contests between Liberal and Conservative candidates were meaningless so far as their party principles went. Very different is the organization of Labour. It has no rich men to finance its elections, and the very fact that its subscriptions for party sums come in small amounts increases the number of people interested in its welfare and binds them closer together. Moreover, Labour has a theory, a universal panacea for all ills, local or national. It may be worthless and impracticable, but that does not affect its usefulness on the platform.

Whereas the organization of the older parties has no distinctive and positive views on local affairs and only wakes up for the elections, the Labour organization is always active. The middle classes in industrial districts are centrifugal, and take every opportunity of getting away from the towns and their problems; but Labour has no week-ends. Moreover, the church and chapel and other organizations which used to bind the middle classes together have lost their influence, whereas Labour always has in its unions the nucleus of powerful organization and throws into its propaganda an evangelistic fervour of which the older parties know nothing. A consideration of these facts does not lessen the danger of a Socialist triumph, but it shows how we can make headway against it. When the organization of the older parties in municipal affairs is contrasted with that of Labour, their apathy with the hot gosselling of Socialism, the wonder is not that Labour gains, but that its gains are not more complete triumphs.

Some good might be done by coalition between Liberals and Conservatives in local politics, but the truth is that the organization of the older parties has completely lost touch with the vast majority of the electorate. A generation ago it was so strong and so perfect that a good ward boss could tell to within three or four how the votes had been cast, and a combination of reports made it possible to give an almost exact forecast of the results of an election. The vast increase in the size of the electorate has made that impossible now. Thus, while the interests of the working man are concentrated on a comparatively few subjects—his sport, his wages, and his politics—and they all lie near at hand, the interests of the middle classes are diffused and they nearly all tend to take him away from contact with actual conditions of life in the towns where he makes his living. If the middle classes were to organize as thoroughly as Labour their triumph would be assured alike in municipal and in national politics, for not only are they nearly as numerous (if we include with them the immense shopkeeper class), but the level of their individual ability is much higher. But such organization cannot be devolved by the middle classes on others. It means an immense amount of personal self-denial and hard work; a great reduction of the time given to golf and motoring; and a revival of that spirit of local patriotism which the motor-car has done so much to drive out of fashion. You cannot mobilize your full strength merely for the purpose of an election any more than you can be virtuous for one day in the week only. Conservatives are wrong to blame anyone but themselves for these Labour victories. If the average moderate Liberal and Conservative made half the sacrifice for what he believes in that are

made by the Socialist organizer there would be no Socialist danger. He who wishes the end must wish the means; else our convictions will remain sterile and the real mind of the constituency will constantly be misrepresented.

But if the drift towards Socialism is to be stemmed in our industrial centres, Conservatives will have to do more than imitate the organization of their rivals. It is a commonplace in war that the offensive has the advantage. It can select its points of attack and even with inferior numbers establish a decisive numerical superiority at the selected spot. Socialists have long enjoyed this advantage over their opponents, who are mainly on the defensive, and in local affairs almost wholly negative in their policy. It cannot be too clearly realized that a merely negative policy of not spending money and keeping down rates cannot hope to be permanently successful. There must be some rival principle that promises improvement in present conditions, and perhaps the time has come when Conservatives as a Party should once more take up the reform of local government for which they have done so much in the past.

There are two grave defects in our system of local government to-day. One is that its units are too small. The unit of urban government should be the whole district of which the town is the centre; it should include the remoter suburbs, for suburbanism that is isolated from the town and neither takes interest in its welfare nor contributes to its rates is little better than an inverted Communism. The ward system of politics has been overdone, for it tends to elect men who are too small for the problems that they have to deal with and frighten away from local politics the men of ability and experience of affairs. A still more serious grievance in the present system is that it taxes without representation. The vote is a purely personal privilege, and a limited company which has neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked cannot exercise a vote. Yet there are many districts in which the greater part of the rates is paid by limited companies. So long as votes were cast in representation not of interests but of opinion, that system was logical and defensible, but it has ceased to be either when a party rapidly growing in strength avowedly seeks to promote the interests of Labour as against those of Capital. We should not blame the Labour Party for taking full advantage of its favourable position in municipal politics. But we shall ourselves be very blameworthy if we neglect to apply the remedies that lie to our own hands.

LORD BEAVERBROOK AGAIN

ONCE more Lord Beaverbrook provides our theme. He has been addressing the Head Teachers' Association, and his remarks raise some pertinent questions about modern tendencies in the Press. The position of the Press in this country has reached a critical stage. It used to be the best Press in the world; probably it still is: but a very momentous thing is happening to it. With a few notable exceptions the big national newspapers, and indeed more and more of the provincial journals, are falling into the hands of two or three men. Individuality is going; a sense

of responsibility to the public is going; and in their place is being exalted an almost religious reverence for the advertiser and the shareholder. Lord Northcliffe, who set the ball of modern journalism and the newspaper combine rolling, was a genius, but his followers are only imitators. Moreover, he was first and foremost a practical journalist, the most gifted this country has ever seen. Are the men in whose hands the destinies of the Press now rest journalists, or anything like them? Lord Beaverbrook must be given credit for showing a consuming interest in the game of journalism (though he does it in much the same way as Mr. Selfridge might show an interest in selling ironmongery), but of the others what can we say? They buy and sell their newspapers as though they were so many pounds of cheese. Of interest in the newspapers as newspapers, as honest organs of opinion, of a sense of responsibility to the public whom they serve, they show no sign. A newspaper represents to them no more than potential dividends: they are interested in money, not in news.

This is reflected in their newspapers, which seem to avoid all suggestion of a defined policy; and it is reflected in the attitude of the public, who have begun to distrust the Press, and certainly to ignore its advice. With the decline in its integrity there has gone a decline in its influence, for all its million sales. Nothing has shown this more clearly than last week's municipal elections. The *Daily Mail* set itself out to stir the electorate to vote against Labour, with the flattering result to Lord Rothermere that Labour swept the country. Nobody now cares a toss what the cheap Press has to say about any of the things that matter. By filling their sheets with advertisements and divorce news and "stunt" writers, by concentrating, in fact, on sensation instead of on sense, the Press Lords have sacrificed their influence. Their papers are read, but they are not respected. The gathering of the Press into two or three hands is a process that is bound to develop, until there may be virtually only one big newspaper proprietor in control of them all. The point to remark is that with this concentration of power, the power itself has gone. The big newspapers are coming to be held in contempt by ever-increasing numbers of the public.

Lord Beaverbrook's remarks to the teachers will illustrate one tendency which is helping to ruin the Press. The burden of his speech was that "schoolmasters do not attain great positions as contributors or writers in the newspapers." Why in the name of goodness should they? Do doctors "attain great positions" as stockbrokers? Do bakers shine as pillars of the Church? Journalism is a trade or profession just as medicine and confectionery are, and when the owner of the *Daily Express* laments the inability of the teaching profession to excel in the writing profession he unconsciously puts his finger on one of the main faults of the modern Press. Why expect a schoolmaster to be a good writer? It would be as sensible to complain that journalists do not rise to great positions in Harley Street. It seems to be taken for granted that, while a man needs a lifelong training to become a good painter or a good musician, a good surgeon or a good steeple-jack, anyone and everyone can write. The

proprietors of the penny newspapers, being themselves amateurs in the world of journalism, seem to think that any amateur will do. So the trained journalist is less and less in demand, and in his place is dragged in any doctor, cabinet minister, gloomy dean, actress, or ex-convict who has a name for sale. Herein lies one of the principal causes of the decline in the influence of the Press. Journalism, like any other occupation, needs long and careful training: it is a difficult and exacting profession. When you employ persons without journalistic experience to write for your papers you may enhance the sensationalism of your pages, but you certainly detract from their authority.

Lord Beaverbrook seeks to enforce his point by reference to the success of certain clerics in the columns of the Press. He cites such instances as Dean Inge and Dr. Hensley Henson, and inquires in effect: "Why are there no schoolmasters like this?" Some of us may be tempted to thank God there are not, but the real question to ask ourselves is whether a man can be expected to excel in more than one profession. We may grant that Dean Inge is a good journalist, but we may also be permitted to inquire whether he is a good Dean. Do the journalistic activities of the Dean of St. Paul's or the Bishop of Durham enhance their reputations as ministers of the Christian religion? It is hard to serve God and Lord Beaverbrook.

There seems to have been some inkling of the difficulty in Lord Beaverbrook's mind when he acknowledged in the course of his speech that Lord Birkenhead is a poor journalist. But he appears to marvel at the fact that politicians are, as a class, bad writers. "It is obvious," he says, "that you may be an ex-Premier and yet fail in journalism." Mark the words we have italicized. The truth, of course, is that it would be much more extraordinary to be an ex-Premier and yet *succeed* in journalism, just as it would be extraordinary to be an ex-judge and yet succeed on the music halls. But our Beaverbrooks and Rothermeres will not see it. They prefer to ignore the skilled worker, and to pay your Lord Birkenheads ten times the normal journalistic fee for writing stuff ten times less effective than the trained journalist would turn out.

And so Lord Beaverbrook comes to the melancholy conclusion that the Press caters to-day too much for "excitement and amusement." He is right. And how would he redress the balance? By calling in—why had we not thought of it?—the schoolmasters. They are to add the leaven which will leaven the whole lump. This matter of the untrained "stunt" writer is one that lies at the root of the contempt in which the Press is now commonly held. What the film-star said is not evidence. Superficially—judged, that is to say, by the advertising revenue and the net sales among the thoughtless democracy—the British Press is flourishing as never before. Actually, it has fallen into what Victorian novelists used to call a rapid decline. And it will not lift up its head again until those who control it come to understand that the old-fashioned virtues of truth and good manners, and a respect for the intelligence of the public whom it used to be proud to serve, are still more important as influences in the world than drapers' advertisements and sales built up on notoriety.

A LETTER FROM PRAGUE

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT]

Prague, October 30

MY return to Prague after an absence of nearly two years coincided with a most interesting event in the political history of the Republic. For the first time since the overthrow of the Hapsburgs, and the establishment of Czechoslovakia as a united and independent country, two Germans were allotted seats in the Cabinet. They are Dr. Mayr Harting, who has the post of Minister of Justice, and Dr. Franz Spina, Minister of Labour. The former, who is a member of the German Christian Socialist Party, was Rector of the German University here during the session 1921-1922, and Dr. Spina was the Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy in 1924 in the same university. Although the other German and Czech parties here have accepted these appointments with scepticism and misgivings, they show evidence of a new spirit in the Government, and it is to be hoped now that there will be less friction between the two predominating races here.

The musical season is already in full swing. The first event of importance was a very fine production at the National Theatre of Bizet's 'Carmen,' conducted by that experienced musician, Mr. Otakar Ostrcil. Mary Cavan, an American singer of great charm and talent, was singing the leading rôle, that of Don José being taken by Otakar Marak, who, I thought, might have been a little less voluble.

The Czech Philharmonic Orchestra have also begun their season with the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the orchestra's foundation. It is unfortunate that this fine body of musicians have to do without their very able conductor, Mr. Vaclav Talich, who is at present touring abroad; he has arranged to give a number of concerts in Sweden, Scotland, and in Belgium. Before leaving Prague Mr. Talich gave four concerts at which he showed himself as a man who has raised the standards of his orchestra to a very high level. At the first two concerts, he conducted, besides Beethoven's 'Grosse Fuge' in Weingartner's arrangement, Novak's symphony 'Eternal Yearning,' and also, for the first time, Stravinsky's 'Le Sacre du Printemps.' Stravinsky's piece called forth rounds of enthusiastic applause, which struck me as remarkable in a people of such conservative musical tastes as the Czechs. The second two evenings were given up to the production of the Sea Symphony, 'The Storm,' also by Novak. This piece is for solo, choir and orchestra; it is one of the most powerful things in modern Czech music, and expresses the parallelism of an angry sea and human passion. The music is of an elemental beauty, and has a peculiar richness of tone colouring.

Music lovers in Prague are promised a rare treat in the shape of the coming celebrations in connexion with the anniversary of the death of Beethoven. The Philharmonic orchestra are giving all his symphonies, and several cycles of his work have already begun. The National Theatre at Brno announce the production of a new opera, 'The Makropulos Affair.' The music is by Leos Janacek, and the libretto is by Karel Capek, best known in England as the author of 'R. U. R.' Janacek is now at work on a 'Czech Mass,' which it is to be hoped will be heard next year.

Owing to the strangeness and almost insurmountable difficulty of the Czech language, it is nearly impossible for a foreigner to give a fair criticism of the books here. Mention should be made, however, of Antonin Klustersky, the lyric poet who this week celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Apart from numerous original works, Mr. Klustersky is the most prolific and worthy translator of the British and American poets. Copies of Mr. Henry Baerlein's new novel, 'The March of the Seventy Thousand,' have just

reached Prague. The book is about the trials of the Czechoslovak Legions in Siberia, but from its rather obvious chauvinism I am inclined to think that it is more in the nature of propaganda than literature. There is evidence here of a renewed interest in the English language. Four years ago there was a large school here which taught nothing but English and English literature. To-day it has doubled its student roll, and in addition there is another separate and distinct school run on more or less the same lines. It is quite "the thing" in Prague now to be heard speaking English in the streets.

I am loth to end this brief chronicle without reference to the latest story that is going the round of the wits in the town. About three months ago a certain merchant of Prague acquired a country estate, and decided to run it as a farm of silver foxes. Accordingly he bought a number of these for breeding purposes, and calmly sat down to await results. A month ago this imaginative man invited a fox expert down to view his stock, when it was discovered that all the foxes were females.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS WAR WINNER

By A. A. B.

ALL the soldiers in the Great War, so far as individual opinions are discoverable, were Westerners, that is, in favour of concentrating on the Western front. All the statesmen, judging by Cabinet decisions, were Easterners, in favour of seeking victory on the enemy's rear or flank in the East, while maintaining a defensive attitude on the Franco-German line of battle. Attack the enemy where he is strongest, said the soldiers; if you win there, you win everywhere; if you are beaten there, no side-show successes can save you. Attack the enemy where he is weakest, said the statesmen; as a decision on the West front seems impossible, hold the enemy there, but score victories in the East, and you will not only draw Germans away from the West, but break up the Central alliance. The soldiers' policy was not given a fair trial, because perpetual concessions were made in the disposition of armies to the demands of the French commanders, and because the politicians were always diverting their attention and their troops to distant side-shows. Allowing for this, the soldiers have a heavy debit in lives and material, at Mons, Loos, Passchendaele, Vimy. The statesmen have a heavier debit, not only in lives and material and cost of transport, but in prestige, at Gallipoli, Salonika, and Mesopotamia.

Of all the Westerners, Sir William Robertson, from 1914 to December 1915 Quartermaster-General in France, and from the end of 1915 to February 1918, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was the most consistent and insistent. As may be seen in his book,* he never had any doubts about his policy, which no reverses could shake. He possessed the faculty, rare among soldiers, of clear exposition to a lay audience, and what is rarer far, he had the moral courage to speak his mind plainly in opposition to the strategists of Downing Street. Such a military adviser could hardly be popular with vote-hunting politicians or sensation-mongering newspapers. The feud between Mr. Lloyd George and Sir William Robertson ran strong, and sometimes noisily through the years 1916 and 1917, and its effects were seen in the terrible events of the spring of 1918, when owing

to the shortage of man-power the British Empire stood on the very brink of ruin.

These volumes completely explode Mr. Lloyd George's claim to be the winner of the war. In justice it must be recorded that his services as Minister of Munitions, when he took the place of the Ordnance Department, which lacked authority, not competence, cannot be over-rated or over-praised. He threw all his irresistible energy and eloquence into the task of supplying our armies with guns and ammunition. He forced the great armament firms to pool their plants and their patents; he covered the face of the country with factories, new and transformed, all devoted to the work of the war; he pressed wives and daughters into his service; he even made the trade unionists forget or forgo their sectional rights and wrongs. Probably no other statesman could have rendered this supreme service, for it was achieved by rushing about and talking. Subsequently, as War Secretary and Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George's activity was simply dangerous.

The three shameful blunders in the war were the Dardanelles, ending in Gallipoli, the Mesopotamia campaign, and the locking up of 300,000 troops at Salonika. As two Commissions sat and reported in severe terms upon the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia, and as Sir William Robertson quotes largely from those Reports, it is not necessary to say much about them. The strategical idea of taking Constantinople at the beginning of the war was at once sound and brilliant. According to Morgenthau, the American Ambassador in Constantinople at the time, if the British Navy had only kept up the attack for one more day, the passage would have been forced as the forts had exhausted their ammunition. But what the fleet would have done at the Golden Horn without a land force is not easy to see. Of course Mr. Churchill talked every one down, it's a way he has. But Lords Kitchener and Fisher must share the responsibility, for they ought not to have allowed themselves to be talked down. What is really painful and exasperating reading is Sir William Robertson's account of how for four months after the failure of the attempt to take the Gallipoli peninsula the Coalition War Cabinet, or Council, or Committee, for all these labels were used, went on debating and wrangling whether they should cut their loss and evacuate. They went on discussing and arguing, these polished mandarins in Downing Street, as to how they should save their faces, while British and Australian and New Zealand youths were dying from wounds and disease, from thirst and frost on that awful shore by Suvla Bay.

Exactly the same thing happened in the Mesopotamian disaster at Kut a year later, where our soldiers were dying like flies in the terrible climate, without proper medical relief, and finally were marched off as Turkish prisoners for 500 miles, and lashed through the streets of Bagdad by the brutal Turkish soldiery. And still the Whitehall debating club talked. This is sorry reading, especially when one considers that the expedition was contrary to military advice. As for the Salonika scandal it was quite simply a French political job, and 150,000 British troops were left for the duration of the war in a pestilential hole in order that General Sarraill, backed by a group of the extreme left in the Chamber of Deputies, might be taken away from the Western front where Joffre would not keep him.

So much for the years 1915 and 1916, when Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister. By what weakness on his own part and by what treachery or folly on the part of the Conservative members of the first Coalition, Mr. Asquith was manœuvred out of office by Messrs. Lloyd George and Bonar Law in December, 1916, we shall not know for many years, if ever. Mr. Asquith was said to be sluggish, and Yorkshiremen are racially slow. But his browsing was not half so dangerous as the Welshman's impatience. Within the first three months of his Premiership, Mr. Lloyd George,

* 'Soldiers and Statesmen.' By Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson. 2 vols. Cassell. 50s.

without consulting the C.I.G.S., or indeed any military adviser, had propounded three novel strategies, one to transfer the theatre of war to Serbia, another to reach Vienna through the Julian Alps, another to make for Trieste and Jerusalem. Sir William Robertson describes the Lloyd Georgian plans as fantastic and impossible, and complains that the Prime Minister spoke contemptuously before the Cabinet of the British commanders and technical advisers. He even went behind the back of the C.I.G.S. to consult a French officer before offering to place Field-Marshal Haig and the entire British Army under General Nivelle, who was relieved by the French a few months later of the supreme command! The Prime Minister was so ignorant of Russia that he thought the fall of the Tsar would hasten victory, and persuaded the House of Commons to send a vote of congratulation to that phantom Kerenski, although our Foreign Office had been warned by General Waters that the Revolution meant "Russia dead to the Allies."

The Derby scheme having failed and the Military Service Act of 1916, conscripting men between nineteen and forty-one, being evaded by every kind of trickery, the man-power question became very critical in 1917. The War Office asked for 600,000 men; the frightened Cabinet offered 100,000. Mr. Lloyd George said the working men wouldn't stand any more compulsion; he distrusted the British working classes, democrat as he was, and was afraid to tell them the truth about the losses of war. Sir William Robertson very truly observes that the working men were eager to know the facts, and would have agreed to any amount of conscription. What made Labour angry was the jobbery and corruption and "wangling" by which one man was taken and another left, by which young men were left at home in factories and mines at £15 to £20 a week, while older men were sent out to the trenches on a shilling a day. For eighteen months the Cabinet were afraid to face the man-power question, until in 1918, having sacrificed tens of thousands of lives and squandered hundreds of millions, they were compelled to adopt conscription of a virtually universal range. Sir William Robertson's two volumes, calmly written and amply documented, should be read by all who wish to realize how very, very near to defeat the British Empire was brought by the winner of the war.

CABBAGES AND CARS

By D. S. MACCOLL

THE problem of Cross River Traffic in the old puzzle of the Goat and the Wolf and the Cabbages was nothing to the welter which the Commission has to digest and disentangle, and the evidence makes much more fascinating reading than most things in the daily paper. Mr. Rees Jeffreys brought an unusually orderly mind to bear upon the chaos. There was the project also of the Town Clerk of the City of Westminster and its engineer, for putting the South Eastern Railway underground, in a loop-line that would connect London Bridge, Waterloo, Cannon Street and Charing Cross, leaving the existing railway bridges (pending their replacement) to serve for road-traffic in an uninterrupted sweep south, east, north, west, and back again. The estimated cost took the breath of the Commissioners away at the moment, but the bigness of the solution and its cheapness compared with piece-meal devices make it a quite reasonable scheme, if there are not unforeseen snags. Then there is the River traffic; Captain Lockey beating the flood-tide to Westminster Bridge by minutes with his enlarged tugs and lighters and getting under it by inches. London, for once in a way, is publicly and zealously discussing her plan-

ning and ways of getting about, and I found the skipper of a barge at Brentford that I had been sketching very intelligently interested in the discussion. As I expected, he made light of navigation for himself, but found the young lazy about learning the fine old craft of sails and sweeps and inclining towards steam. That also calls for skill, and I was witness a few days later, just below Richmond Bridge, of how adept the handling is. The *Metropolis* of Rochester, to my great disgust, had folded down her masts and yards on the turn of the tide, poled out into the stream, cast anchor, and lay with her bows up-river. As the ebb strengthened the anchor was hoisted, the helm ported, and her nose began to swing over. Punctual to the second, a tug dropped through the bridge, with a double-breasted tow of barges and lighters from Twickenham. The tug edged past, a fender was run out on the prow of the near lighter behind, whose impact on the barge's nose pushed her round into her course, the tow was attached and passed astern, the *Metropolis* slipped into the vacant place, and without hitch or delay the whole five swept out of sight.

More to my immediate purpose are the cabbages, or rather the fruits and flowers of Covent Garden. In my last article I examined the case put up by Sir Arthur Du Cros for the transfer of the market to the Bloomsbury site, and I think demonstrated, even on the figures and other facts as he gave them, that the case was a singularly poor one. But if we are to believe Major Monro, who as chairman of the Tenants' Association ought to know, those figures were quite extraordinarily wrong and the facts not facts at all. The only argument, indeed, that on his showing survives in favour of the syndicate is that in the new market it could double the existing rents, an argument that will not appeal to the purchaser of fruit in London, considering what he pays already, any more than to the tenants of the stalls. We have still to hear what may be said in reply, and various matters remain obscure, but it looks as if what is wanted is not a clearing out of the market from Covent Garden, but decentralization in some respects. In that case there might still be use for a riverside market on the south as I suggested, a suggestion made simultaneously in *The Times* by Mr. Mawson, and backed by Captain Swinton, as part of his Charing Cross Bridge and development scheme.

About this stretch of the riverside, from the County Hall to Waterloo Bridge and beyond again to Blackfriars, there is something to be said. In the early days of the Commission it was put about in the Press that the County Council had a scheme for constructing an Embankment thoroughfare on this side corresponding to the Victoria Embankment on the other, and this was hailed as a vast improvement, not only for traffic but to the appearance of the river by sweeping away the present "squalid" front. For traffic alone such a thoroughfare may be desirable, though it is arguable that it is a mistake to follow the curve instead of cutting behind it. But do not let us deceive ourselves on the other point. When the Press talks about an "eye-sore" in London one may be almost certain that something of beauty is being attacked. Fifty years ago *Punch* regularly made a scandal of one of London's finest sights, Covent Garden, under the name of "Mud Salad Market." Later Norman Shaw's Scotland Yard building was a favourite cock-shy of the House of Commons. And now our ædiles are pained by the lack of gentility in foreshore, wharves, warehouses and barges, all, in fact, that still makes the Thames to some extent a river and not a drain. The Victoria Embankment is a useful road, but a singularly inhuman one, because on one side it has no life of shops, restaurants or even public buildings, and on the other has suppressed the life of the river. In Paris there is a compromise; on the higher level the embankment avenue, with its own life; on

a lower the quays, where barges load and discharge, and minor open-air activities flourish, such as the teasing of mattresses, clipping of poodles and shaving of chins. On the tidal Thames conditions differ, but the fragments of riverside life that survive from the days when Somerset House stepped down into the water are better matter for an artist than the Houses of Parliament. They are a small-scale jumble, no doubt; but one that has grown and coheres, and the large-scale jumbles of building syndicates would be a poor exchange.

I have refrained from adding anything further about the bridges, while the evidence from all sides has been coming in; but I am tempted to say a word upon one point raised by my friend Sir Reginald Blomfield. The two-decker scheme at Charing Cross, he says, "would be an outrage on the river scenery, cutting the river in half and blocking out the glorious view one way or the other." Now this is an objection not merely to a double-decker bridge but to any high-level bridge, his own project included. The view beyond the present railway bridge is seen not above its parapet but through its spans; this would be true even of a lower bridge, and no more true of a higher. Waterloo Bridge, from the Embankment level, masks the greater part of Somerset House, immediately beyond: the real view is obtained from the height of Hungerford Bridge. From the double-decker level it would be still finer, and possible to enjoy also the "glorious view" at present blocked on the other side, which begins with the National Liberal Club and ends with Doulton's terra-cotta.

The Beecham Estate plan for a market in place of the Foundling Hospital and the Squares does not look like succeeding.* All the more is it necessary to be alive to the menace of the alternative project, and the Press should wake from its immense habitual lethargy and even complaisance where damage to London is imminent. This time, happily, the County Council is on the side of the angels and opposed to the Ministry of Transport. Moved by the danger to open spaces and the future character of the quarter it has passed a Minute recommending the preparation of a scheme under its town-planning powers for the treatment of an area embracing forty-three acres of the Foundling Estate. I do not know the nature of the scheme or the extent of those powers, but at least this should be a powerful influence in arrest of hasty "development," and give time for the possibilities of University intervention to become clearer. There has at last been a turn of the tide in University politics; the Senate, by a handsome majority, has approved of negotiations for obtaining enough of the Bedford site to house at least the institutions now camped upon it. A Bill affecting the constitution of the University will be shortly before Parliament, and may remove something of the deadlock of competing forces that has hitherto delayed progress. It will be a pity if meanwhile anything is done to perpetuate the makeshift by which the administration shares a building on the outer circle instead of at the centre of its activities. There are other public uses, of course, to which the Foundling Hospital might be devoted. It lies in a nest of hospitals (a further reason for not attracting heavy traffic) and encircled as it is by squares it is a perfect site for this purpose, contrasting with the position in noisy streets and upon immensely valuable plots of some of our great hospitals.

The flood of cheaper cars and the heightening of buildings are between them going to make traffic as unmanageable here as in New York. There will be space neither to move nor to stand. The palliative of piece-meal widening of streets is falling out of favour with the experts. It is slow and ruinous in cost. To widen a bit of the Strand by thirty feet cost

£1,200 a foot; at this rate a mile would cost over six million pounds. And the widening attracts more traffic. The devices now favoured are by-pass roads, one-way streets and roundabouts. The result of the speeding-up is to deny the roadway to pedestrians, since it becomes much more dangerous than a railway track. Already we hear of the necessity of fencing in the pavements, with a few gaps, like level-crossings, for regulated passage. A Bradshaw of the future will tell us at what hours we may cross the Strand, in place of a Charles Lamb of the past who praised "the sweet security of streets." I suppose the town of the future will take a leaf out of the planning of rainy old towns like Chester, hoist the sidewalks and shops into covered ways above the level of the cars, with light bridges at crossing-places, and leave the spaces below for the cars to stand and park. But unless some drastic revolution in population or its distribution takes place, the traffic-doctors seem fated to be beaten in their fight with congestion of the City lungs.

COLD

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

MY subject was to be the Fashions. I had been glancing through Mrs. Peel's 'A Hundred Wonderful Years,' in which all the social changes of the last century are described with truth and vivacity. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are even better than the letter-press. No matter how large the store of facts contained in a book of this kind, no matter how sprightly the writing, it would be heavy going, a tramp across a ten acre ploughed field, without the pictures. How they light up the pages—these old fashion plates and prints that give us a glimpse of a vanished social life! I saw a capital little essay in them; something at once humorous, tender, wistful, fleetingly touched with poetry; a ghostly masquerade of bonnets and crinolines and bustles, of strapped trousers and flowered waistcoats, white hats, of Almack's and Crockford's and Cremorne Gardens; an exquisite trifle in the old Max manner. I find that I cannot write it. If there is any reader who is disappointed because no lament for a lost crinoline or cravat, no delicious elegy moving to the tune of some old quadrilles, will ever be found among my works, he or she must distribute the blame between the weather and Messrs. Cook and Evan Williams.

Never do I remember such weather for the time of year. This morning, when I came shivering out of sleep determined to hymn the vanished fashions, I found the world held tightly in the grip of frost. I looked out into the garden and over to the hills beyond, and saw a landscape of glass and iron. So much for the weather. Had conditions been normal, it would have been the very morning for such a task. My study has been created out of the upper room, a loft filled with ancient beams, of an old and long disused dairy in the garden. It is a rather large and bare room, but it boasts a massive anthracite stove, capable of keeping the place snug from October to April. White walls, dark beams, rows and rows of books, scarlet curtains, Japanese prints, a great vase of chrysanthemums, an easy chair and a supply of hand-cut Virginia—it is the ideal retreat for a scribbler. To come into it from the glittering world of frost and falling leaves is to

* On the traffic objections see an article with plans by Mr. W. L. Hare in the journal of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association for May-June of this year.

feel the hand-clasp of the Muse. But this is to assume, of course, that the stove is cosily working. But—alas!—the stove is a soulless lump of iron. Its very presence lowers the temperature. There is not a lump of anthracite in the county. Let a ton or so of that excellent fuel be delivered to me and I will promise the most exquisite sentiments on the subject of lost fashions, but in my present condition, shivering over a little oil-stove, I cannot hope to achieve any such delicate concoctions. If I were engaged in writing 'Hamlet' or 'Paradise Lost,' I might be able to add a few immortal lines to my text, sustained by the fire within. But I cannot pretend to the fire within. My "line" in literature—setting aside a few touches of irony that are so good that nobody ever seems to notice them—is the comfortable, cosy writing for cosy readers, and I am beginning to think that I was born either too late or too early, and more probably too late.

Do not misunderstand me. This is not a grumble. The world can well be spared my paper on the Fashions, and at a time when so many are suffering from cold, poor souls newly risen from a sick-bed, children whimpering over raw little hands, I am not hoisting my well-fed carcase into the public view in order to cadge a little sympathy. I only wish everybody was as comfortable as I am. Nevertheless, I must confess that I am not comfortable enough for fine writing on subjects of no importance. My oil-stove would be an admirable companion if only there was a fire in the room. It gives out a ruddy glow. It brings back my childhood by occasionally sending out that whiff of oil and hot tin which was the very soul of my old traffic with the magic-lantern. But it does not make any pretence of warming this stubborn chamber, besieged on every side by the bleak air. My feet it ignores altogether, no matter how near it is to them. They are cold when I enter the room, and after I have been sitting a few minutes, they leave me altogether, departing for the Arctic Circle. It would not surprise me to learn that they had numbly encountered seals and polar bears, that their marks had been discovered near the Pole itself. The business of writing is frequently called "head work." For this I have the authority of my nearest neighbour, the farmer, who cried out something about "head work" when he came to see me the other day and turned astonished and admiring eyes upon my books and papers and typewriters and ink and pens. (Incidentally, he really knows far more than I do, makes far more money, honest money too, and is altogether better equipped to deal with this life.) This seems to me now a faulty definition of the art.

I am beginning to think that literature is really foot work. Perhaps, after all, the soul has a local habitation in our bodies, as the ancients held, and perhaps, too, it resides in our feet. It will not waken when its lodging is so cold. This may explain what is to me the humiliating fact that I can do nothing of any value once my feet are cold. My head may be humming with thoughts and images, but if a chill settles on my extremities, crawls up my legs and finally lodges icily in the small of my back, my head quickly empties itself and I am no more fit for literature than an Eskimo. The cold turns me into a sullen savage,

brooding in the iron darkness. There is not a breath of poetry in me. Wit and fancy are worlds away. A codfish, gaping and snapping in the icy waters of the Dogger Bank, has as much enthusiasm for the beautiful. Cesar Franck himself might return for an hour and play his organ to me, but if he did not also offer me a fire or a foot-warmer, I should not thank him. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever only in warm climates or well-heated rooms. Once my feet are cold, I would rather have a fire than another play by Shakespeare. Nor do I believe that I am singular in this.

It would seem that the soul in us has to be warmed into life. The cradles of civilization are always places in the sun, and the arts and philosophies have only moved north after innumerable roaring fires have been lighted a few centuries to make everything snug for them. Behind classical literature are the sun of Greece and the hotwater-pipe system of Rome. The Arctic Circle so far has achieved nothing, and the North Britons, the Scandinavians, the Germans and Russians have only struggled into artistic life by firmly closing all the windows and piling all accessible fuel into their fire-places or stoves. The only persons who have ever been eloquent when they have been cold are either monks or Calvinistic prophets, both of whom have spent their time threatening unbelievers and the lost with a hell-fire that they have described with a suspicious gusto. Had these persons been able to break with a tradition, you may be sure that they would have preferred to have furnished hell with cold and darkness. It is significant that in Shakespeare's most terrifying speeches about death, the emphasis is on being cold, lying "in cold obstruction," and so forth. Shakespeare, you may depend upon it, did not spare the fuel when he was keeping house at Stratford, and one of the reasons why his fellow dramatists spent so much time in taverns was that taverns, then as now, were nobly warmed. Hostess Quickly, when she is accusing Falstaff of having broken his promise to her, declares that he swore to marry her when he was sitting with her "by a sea-coal fire," and you may be sure that Shakespeare himself had noticed that fire, that fires in general were important to him. Indeed, I should not be surprised if he did not hold the opinion, which I share, that literature is best served by stuffiness, downright stuffiness with no nonsense about it. Close the windows, poke up the fire and draw in your chair, and see how the brain ripens and mellows, see how it drips wise mirth and melancholy, how quickly it fills with happy thoughts and memorable images! It is true that the doctors who are for ever writing for the papers deplore this snug condition, that they are always commanding us to put out the fire and open wide the windows so that we may be cool and braced. But what have these fellows to do with literature? They can slouch down their columns of good advice with the coldest of feet, and so could you or I. They only set out to tell us how we may contrive to exist for a long time, and no doubt we could exist without fires at all. But we want to live, not merely exist, and one of us, at least, will not begin again until there comes a trickle of anthracite and with it a delightful new sensation in the feet during working hours.

NORTH v. SOUTH

BY IVOR BROWN

WHILE I was attending the annual conference of the British Drama League last Saturday, Mr. St. John Ervine gave a little spurious animation to a somewhat futile discussion on authors' fees for amateur productions by abuse of the parsimonious North. I could only suppose that Mr. Ervine's intention was to enliven the droop of the day by starting a false issue, since he must know perfectly well that generalizations about the characteristics of towns and regions serve only the purposes of disputation and never the interests of truth. On jokes about meanness I have a certain hereditary claim to authority, since my ancestry on both sides is purest Aberdeen. Indeed, I might even consider it a gross affront to that city to have the grand joke passed on to a place like Manchester, whose citizens are so deplorably spendthrift that they will pay fifty per cent. more for taxicabs than do the Londoners, who moan and groan about being overcharged at a shilling a mile.

The issue, whose fringe Mr. Ervine thus lightly plucked, has always seemed to me a large one. Mr. Ervine, being like myself an immigrant, owes the provinces a little caution in his jesting. It may be argued that there really are no Londoners at all, and there is the joke about the Society of Middlesex Men in London, which failed to be created because no members could be found with the proper territorial qualifications. Certainly it is true that every County Society in London, if it enrolled all its potential members, would be vast as legion. Leaving out the Argentines and the Greeks, we most of us arrived here from somewhere else. Let us remember the journalists' obituary: "Although his name was Jenkins he was born in County Kerry, but he had worked so long in Fleet Street that he died with a good Glasgow accent." London does more than absorb a few job-hunters like myself; it is even more than a receptacle for Balliol's overflow of Scotsmen. It is a definite drain on the resources of the nation, financial as well as human, and the curse of centralization is the more oppressive in this country because Britain is just the wrong size. It is too small for a vigorous regionalism. New York cannot absorb the United States. Dresden and Munich can stand up against Berlin, and an artist who had succeeded in one of the former would not regard Berlin as his immediate and inevitable destination. But England and Scotland are one kingdom in which no great centre of population is more than eight hours' railway journey from the capital. The New York newspapers cannot get much beyond the boundaries of New York. But the London newspapers, giving the capital's silly gossip and the capital's point of view, are scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland as well. There is constant, ubiquitous iteration of the "wonderful London" trash.

Thus, and increasingly, London draws off the surplus wealth of the industrial areas. In the theatre the lure of the capital is a genuine pest. I presume that if a rich citizen of Munich wished to spend money on the arts he would spend it in Munich. But a rich Lancashire man spends it in London. There are exceptions, of course. Sir Barry Jackson began his theatrical pioneering in his own city of Birmingham, and his work in London has not caused him to desert the Midlands. Mr. Rutherford, deriving his income, I believe, from Yorkshire, has dowered Lancashire with his admirable collection of modern pictures. The Liverpool Repertory Theatre, now fortunately enjoying a decent prosperity, has been supported in its hard times by Liverpool men. But the general tendency is for the money to come south while the jokes and taunts go north, a poor exchange. Large

quantities of northern money have been sunk in London theatres during recent years. Some of it has been wisely, adventurously spent. Far more of it has been stupidly squandered. The generous gift with which Sir George Dance wisely rescued the "Old Vic" was, it is fair to suppose, ultimately derived from provincial playgoers eager to see the "Dance Companies." The Courtauld family have contributed lavishly to the artistic life of London with money earned in the mills and factories outside it.

To be thus jealous of the capital's lure should not drive us into romantic claims for the noble provincial. The well-to-do man of Lancashire or Yorkshire can be as coarse and brutish as any other of his type. The London cabarets depend on him, and a man who can find pleasure in the Midnight Babel of the Grand Babylonian revels has no sympathy of mine. But there is a real theatrical grievance of the North v. South kind. The rich folk of the north will come to London for their pleasures; it is they who fill the stalls of London theatres and so help to keep up the preposterous extortions of rent. If there was a consumers' strike in the theatre which went no further than a refusal to buy seats costing more than seven-and-sixpence the rents would have to come down, and people with small capital and large ideas would have a chance to come in instead of being jostled out by syndicates with large capital and no ideas. By sending to London a constant stream of semi-imbecile "stallites" the North is doing the London playgoer an injury, but the London managers are continually pillaging the North in another way. The producer at a Northern repertory theatre may build up a good team of players and, perhaps by his own patience and skill, evoke high talent from some young player. Immediately that player has made a little name for himself a London manager will attract him South. Manchester or Liverpool or Glasgow create, London exploits.

It is not a case for getting angry or for apportioning blame. The industrial towns have brought some of their desolation on themselves by their subservience to London. Much of the talk about the sturdily independent North is nonsense. What the sturdily independent North has recently done with its professional theatre is to let it be shabbily derivative, a taker-in of London's second-best or discarded trifles. It has not backed its native theatres with constancy or conviction; it has not made any effort to retain the talented players whom it has schooled. Often it sweats them and neglects them, and they are glad to go. It is easy to jeer at the lugubrities of Miss Horniman's "Gaiety"; but that theatre made history and its record will not be forgotten in the annals of the English drama. Manchester only put up with it; it would not pay for it. But the North is now developing an amateur theatrical movement of its own, which has real vitality within it. It is, on the whole, a poor man's movement; it thinks in shillings, or even, according to Mr. Ervine, in cups of coffee. That it will survive these little jokes I do not doubt. That it will resist the glamour of the capital is also probable, since most of its members are, whether they like it or not, bound to the soil whence they earn their living. At any rate, it is a new and lively factor in the old wrangle between North and South. So far Coketown has had its revenge on London by exporting Coketown profiteers who will pay twenty shillings for a stall at 'Buzz Along,' and then pour quantities of notes into the treasury of 'Supper-time Stunts' at the Grand Babylon. Now there is a sign of self-maintenance, underivative drama in the North. It may gather in an attic and count its capital in coffee-beans. But if it keeps itself to itself and does not worry too much about winning Belasco cups in American tournaments, it will re-establish the somewhat tarnished reputation of the North for being the master of its own stern soul.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*
- ¶ *Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*
- ¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

THE LAST PHASE

SIR,—Your editorial in your last issue on the above subject voices the thoughts of all who think seriously of the present position of this country. Unless a dramatic and speedy change is brought about what hope can there be of a return to prosperity? And furthermore, unless we go to the root of the evil, there will be no hope that matters will mend of their own accord. Someone has said that this is a country of "lions led by asses," which, judging from the experience of the last few months, is not at all a far-fetched description. It is all very well for the Government now to say that they cannot interfere in the dispute between the miners and the owners. Why did they interfere at all by granting the subsidy? That was the initial mistake. The fact of the matter is that the Prime Minister is not capable of thinking deeply enough to arrive at some definite principle of action to guide him in his conduct of the national affairs. We all know his love of peace, and his desire to promote the interests of the country. There is a saying that hell is paved with good intentions. It is cold comfort to be told that the country went to pieces against the best intentions of the Government.

The object of a Government is to take proper measures to promote the well-being of the community of which it is the head and the spokesman. Up to a certain point, of course, the Government has done fairly well. The gravamen of the complaint is that the crisis found the Prime Minister lacking in those higher qualities of statesmanship which were absolutely necessary to prevent the ruin of the country.

By "higher qualities" I mean the insight which saw that the real mischief was caused by the Russian agents who were and are working for the downfall of this country without pause and without scruple. Cook is merely a tool in their hands, as he has himself naively confessed. To talk of negotiations between miners and owners as if this was merely an industrial dispute confined to this country is to display a simplicity of mind which may be admirable, but is neither business nor statesmanship. When Cook speaks of a "Council of War," he and his masters mean what they say, and say what they mean. Sooner or later the community, as a whole, will realize that war has been declared, and that it has to be won or lost. In Italy this feeling culminated in Fascism and Mussolini. In this country it will not take that form, but it is certain that something will happen soon or the ship of State will sink in the storm.

I am, etc.,
A. L.

COVENT GARDEN, THE FOUNDLING SITE
AND THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

SIR,—Mr. MacColl's article under the above title is both able and opportune, and is of special interest to me because we have both arrived at the same conclusion respecting the ideal site for Covent Garden Market. In Mr. MacColl's article and in my letter to *The Times*, no mention is made of the fact that the Bakerloo Tube passes immediately under the suggested site. Potentially this is an advantage of great weight, and it is reasonable to expect that it could be used for distribution of the lighter market

produce during the night, and of course for direct passenger service during the day. This means that the large and ever-increasing number of ladies in particular who visit the market to purchase flowers, could use the tube. I would also suggest that a second market could be erected on the east side of Waterloo Road for the sale and distribution of Empire produce.

Once decided upon, this new site will go far towards settling the seething problem of Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridges. The adoption of this site, as Mr. MacColl reminds us, will provide a valuable block of fifteen acres of land for further extension of the University campus and I hold that if the London University becomes primarily a training institution and secondarily an examining body, even with this additional area it will be impossible to bring all the departments together. Therefore the present wasteful multiplicity of teaching establishments (miles apart as some of them are) will in large measure continue.

Why cannot the London University Board take the broad outlook which is leading the University of Paris to take up its abode in the spacious outskirts of the city, and have the advantages and economy which would accrue to an ample and unified site of 120 acres? Nothing less, I am assured, will meet the permanent needs of the University. This is partly proved by the fact that Toronto University has a site of ninety acres and is already restricted.

Incidentally it may be of interest to state that the campus of the new University of Saskatoon covers an area of 360 acres, while that at Point Grey, Vancouver, for the University of British Columbia, will occupy a site of over 400 acres. The finest site for a University campus in London is, I suggest, Alexandra Park, which extends, I believe, to 134 acres. The site is elevated above its surroundings and in full view from several of the railways. This dominating site is large enough for the University's needs for the next hundred years; it is also accessible to all parts of London by rail and road, particularly to the British Museum via King's Cross. There are also ample recreational facilities within easy distance of the site and vacant land near by for increasing these.

I am, etc.,
THOMAS H. MAWSON

High Street House, Lancaster

THE B.B.C. BOARD

SIR,—It is my opinion that we shall have another demonstration of the inability of Governments to make a success of business undertakings. The idea of appointing a Chairman at £4,000 per annum is preposterous; how on earth in such a position can he earn such a vast sum? I feel convinced that there are plenty of well qualified men to take such a job for the same number of hundreds. As all the B.B.C. costs are derived from our licence payments, it is due to licensees to inform us (through the Press) the salaries of all that have been appointed by the Commission. We keep hearing about the need of economy, and that is as far as we get, while we are broadcasting money in the same easy style as a farm-hand sows grain seed.

If the Government cannot devise better ways to get rid of cash, I would venture to suggest the return to penny postage, and the abandonment of such foolish notions as disfiguring people's letters with advertisements.

I conclude the country is tied to pay these lavish salaries for a fixed number of years! How many hours per day will this Board work? Have those five selected all a profound knowledge of electrical licence and any broadcasting experience? Let us know their pre-eminent qualifications.

I am, etc.,
WM. H. MARRIS

Torquay

"CLASS WAR" OR "CLASS STRUGGLE"?

SIR,—During recent months one has read and heard continual references to "the class war" when the present industrial crisis is mentioned. In view of the comparative peacefulness and orderliness of the miners' struggle it would seem that a better and more correct designation is "the class struggle"—a classic phrase used to describe the more or less continuous struggle between the possessing classes and the dispossessed, as Mr. Hilaire Belloc terms them. In Italian this struggle is called "lotta di classe" and in German "Klassenkampf" (with which compare the term "Kulturkampf") and only when this develops into general physical violence between the opposing sides does it become a "Klassenkrieg" (class-war)—Germany has had two or three experiences of the latter since the 1918 Armistice.

Nor is it correct to assume, as one tends to do when reading our more important journals, that the term "class-struggle" is only really understood by members of the Labour Party. It is a term that was used very appositely by more than one "bourgeois" writer and historian of the nineteenth century. No less a person than the founder of our 'Dictionary of National Biography,' the well-known author and essayist, Sir Leslie Stephen (b. 1832, d. 1904), used it. Writing on John Stuart Mill in Vol. III of 'The English Utilitarians' (published by Duckworth, 1900), Sir Leslie says on page 164:

... Cobden admitted fully that the free-trade propaganda was a "middle-class" agitation. The genuine zealots were the merchants and manufacturers; and it was so far a trial of strength between the leaders of industry and the owners of the soil—a class-struggle, not between rich and poor, but between the plutocracy and the aristocracy.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT AND 'A TALE OF TWO CITIES'

SIR,—I read with amusement and amazement Mr. Arnold Bennett's criticism of Charles Dickens's masterpiece—'A Tale of Two Cities'—in the *Daily Express* for September 27. In my opinion there must be something wanting in Mr. Bennett when he writes as follows: "I ought to say here that ever since I was a boy I have never been able to finish a novel of Dickens." 'A Tale of Two Cities' is faultless in its conception, construction and the eloquence of its prose. Dickens's pathos is unsurpassed. Dickens in all his great works of fiction, from the opening chapters to the last, holds you all the way and all his endings are perfect.

No, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Charles Dickens stands to-day, as he will for all time, unapproached and unapproachable. 'A Tale of Two Cities' is a masterpiece of English prose which will live through the ages to come as a monument to the greatest novelist the world has ever known.

Some years ago, if my memory serves me rightly, it was the *Daily Express* who took a vote from their readers of who, in their opinion, was the greatest novelist and the greatest novel. Charles Dickens came first by a long way, and his 'David Copperfield' headed the list for novels. So this at once shows the opinion of the British public. I myself agree with this voting. 'David Copperfield' is the greatest of all his masterpieces.

I am, etc.,

JAMES MONEY KYRLE LUPTON

Richmond, Surrey

MR. GOULD AND "LITTLE CRITICS"

SIR,—A reader who had not read the passage in my 'Talking' about generalizations and "little critics" and who did not remember the friendly debate

between Mr. Gerald Gould and myself some time ago in these columns, might misunderstand Mr. Gould's reference last week. He and I disputed amiably on the subject of generalizations about women, but the passage in my essay has nothing to do with this but merely refers to any and every kind of generalization. Mr. Gould himself, almost of all people I know, could least be accused of being an enemy to the generalizing habit of mind, which gives such a sweep and vivacity to writing or talk, for he has an almost passionate enthusiasm for the generalization (of which there are at least ten in his last week's essay) and this habit of mind is one reason why his name, at the head of an essay or review, is everywhere so welcome. No one, therefore, could be more unlike the "dons and little critics," timid and narrow and pedantic persons, to whom I refer. I mention this because there is a suggestion in the opening paragraph of his essay that he is, in a friendly fashion, repelling an attack. I am not sorry that he wrote the essay, though I must confess (I who innocently furnish him with the text for his homily on critical arrogance) that I wonder at, even while I applaud, his boldness in putting all our critics in their places in a single paragraph. But I think it only fair to point out that he is apparently at cross-purposes with me in his opening reference.

I am, etc.,

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Church Hanborough, Oxon

WILDFOWLING AND BIRD LIFE

SIR,—While thanking you for the review of my book, 'Birds of Marsh and Mere, etc.,' which appeared in your issue of October 16 last, I cannot help thinking that my critic is animated by a certain amount of prejudice against wildfowling, as shown by the opening sentence of his review, viz.: "sport which will gain more of our admiration the less it is practised."

Punt gunning is admittedly a sport concerning which there will always be a great divergence of opinion; I will leave it at that.

My own ideal has always been the fair right and left shot with shoulder guns of whatsoever dimensions, and I hold no brief either for or against shooting with the swivel gun. This is a branch of wildfowl-shooting which I have never taken up and which accordingly finds but cursory mention in my book; but surely it is permissible to give some account of perhaps the most remarkable shot made by any fowler of modern times, without deserving the imputation of "record bag mania."

That in this country the number of wildfowl, speaking as a whole, has undergone any serious depletion I cannot believe. I agree that this is the case in respect of a few species, but others again can be found in numbers never before surpassed; I allude in particular to the vast increase of wild grey geese to be found on the Solway Marshes and elsewhere.

Lastly, if, on the wide and complex subject of bird migration, some of my conclusions prove incorrect, it is because I prefer to risk being found in error through insufficient knowledge, rather than to pad out my own work with statements and figures borrowed from standard authorities, however eminent.

I am, etc.,

J. C. M. NICHOLS

Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to draw attention, through your columns, to the Fourth Annual Festival of Remembrance, 'A World Requiem,' which is to be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Armistice Night, Thursday, November 11, at eight

o'clock. Fifty-eight London Church Choirs and Choral Societies have sent contingents to form the Cenotaph Choir of one thousand for this occasion. The composer, John Foulds, will conduct the augmented London Symphony Orchestra. Profits will be for the British Legion.

'A World Requiem' was written during the darkest days of the war, as "a tribute to the memory of the dead—a message of consolation to the bereaved of all countries." There is to be no jazzing on Armistice Night this year. We have substituted this festival of faith, not of victory.

On Armistice Night the Great Silence will be broken by the voice of the artist, the poet, crying "Peace! for the Prince of Peace cometh." Perhaps we musicians especially, amid the conflict of factions, the strife of nations, dare to proclaim the spiritual unity of mankind?

I am, etc.,

MAUD MACCARTHY,
Hon. Organizer,
"Festival of Remembrance."

U.S. AND US

SIR,—The "Cuttle" fish has discharged his filthy emission and the "Priestley" one has turned his cheek to the smiter and like the Immortal Jorrock has cried, "Capevi."

Charles Dickens's American says: "If you speak me fair I'm 'ile, but if you rile me I'm thunder stuffed with pison." The "Cuttle" fish says: "We are a people slow to anger, but as sure as there is a God in Heaven the American Shylock will not forget," and so on, *ad lib.* As for us, our hearts bleed for Uncle Sam's "Jollies" who worked twenty hours a day to get foods and munitions to France and England, out of pure loving-kindness, regardless of any "Almighty Dollars" that the *real Americans* made and have waxed fat upon.

We did not see the young "Cuttle" fishes, nor "Corporal" Taft—but we did see the Heaven-sent "Pruzidunt" of "God's Own Country," the Arch Apostle of Self-determination, and gave him of our courtesy, and He, on his return to the aforesaid God's Own Country, was received with the frozen mitt by his own *Real Americans*, and was hounded to his grave.

I make no comment on the blasphemy in the "Cuttle" fish's last paragraph.

I am, etc.,

RICHARD NIVEN

Airlie, Ayr

P's AND Q's

(PROBLEMS AND QUESTIONS.)

At various times our readers have suggested that the SATURDAY REVIEW should provide them with a medium for the exchange of information, literary, historic, antiquarian, etc. We have therefore opened a column under the above heading through which readers can seek the co-operation of others in the solution of genuine problems falling within these categories. Queries of a kind the answer to which can be obtained by reference to the nearest popular encyclopædia or dictionary of quotations cannot be admitted. Brevity is recommended.

SIR,—I should be grateful if either you or any of your readers could supply me with information on the subject of Henry Carey, the writer of the popular ballad, 'Sally in our Alley.' I have seen it stated somewhere that Carey took his own life. Is there any authority for this assertion?

C. L. EDGAR

SIR,—When, and by whom, was the term, "The Grand Old Man," first applied to Gladstone?

THOMAS PARDON

SIR,—Can you inform me who was the compiler of the first English Dictionary?

WALTER PIERCE

SIR,—"So much to do, so little done": these words were used by Mr. Cecil Rhodes and other great thinkers and workers. Can you give their origin?

F. GERALDINE DELP

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if one of your readers would kindly send me a list of those English and American and—if it is possible—French books which deal with the *Oriental Policy before the Great War*, especially between 1890 and 1914.

I am interested in the English-German relationship in all the questions about Turkey, and should be very glad if you could give me a list not only of those special books about this subject, but also some hints on good and well-known historians in whose works I could find some opinions about this question.

HERBERT KUSEL

"SPOILING THE SHIP"

SIR,—According to the late Sir James Murray, Editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, the word "ship" in the popular phrase, "Spoiling the Ship for a Ha'porth of Tar," means "sheep." Some years ago there was a controversy on this subject in the columns of the *Daily News*, but no definite conclusion was arrived at. In the course of a long letter to the editor Sir James wrote: "The original form of the Northern caution, for Northern it is, was 'Ne'er lose a hog for a halfpenn'worth of tar,' which John Ray heard and noted down in 1670 as a current Northern proverb. Ray, who knew no kind of 'hog' but a swine, adds: 'Some have it, 'Lose not a sheep for a halfpennyworth of tar,' and indeed tar is more used about sheep than swine.' Honest Ray, not being a Northerner, thought all hogs are swine, and did not know that a hog, or hogg, in the North is a one-year ewe! With 'hog' the proverb came down all the way to the nineteenth century, when, in 1828, the Craven Glossary gives us, 'Do not lose the ewe for a hauporth o' tar.' He adds that "the first to convert the 'sheep' into 'ship' was apparently Hazlitt in his 'English Proverbs,'" but it seems that Hazlitt himself was sometimes dubious about the propriety of this version, and states that he had heard the phrase, "Don't spoil the sheep for a ha'porth of tar" in Cornwall. Sir James's interpretation, however, was challenged by other correspondents, and it is at least possible that the matter has not been finally settled.

MARTIN CRADOCK

SIR,—This is a shepherd's, not a seaman's, proverb. The original reading was "sheep." No sailor would acknowledge the proverb, any more than he would apply the music-hall epithet "Jack Tar" to an able seaman.

THOMAS CARR

ART

QUANTITY AND QUALITY

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

Thérèse Lessore. The Savile Gallery, 10 Savile Row.
 Thérèse Lessore. The Savile Gallery, 10 Savile Road.
 Ethelbert White. St. George's Gallery, 32a George Street,
 Hanover Square.
 Edward Wadsworth and Alvaro Guevara. Leicester Galleries,
 Leicester Square.
 Jean Baptiste Corot. Twenty-one Gallery, Durham House
 Street, Adelphi.
 Brook Street Art Galleries. 14 Brook Street.
 R.W.S. 5a Pall Mall East.
 R.B.A. Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

MISS THERÈSE LESSORE is the ablest of Mr. Walter Sickert's followers, and when I say "followers," I do not mean "imitators." She is herself, though it so happens that she concentrates her attention on that particular part of life which attracts Mr. Sickert. She has, too, the critical, slightly ironic, approach of Mr. Sickert. She contrives to reveal the interest of the most casual commonplace things: witness 'Cheap Street,' where the back of a motor-car and the wind in a girl's dress somehow take on significance. 'Consultation' is another remarkable piece of characterization. Her method is one of rigid economy, and exact rightness of what is stated. The garish light of a fair, for example, is admirably conveyed in 'The Chair-o'-Planes,' simply by the violence of tone contrasts. The pose of the figures in 'Conversation' is so perfectly true that no more is needed to reveal all that the artist has perceived. Miss Lessore's vision, like Mr. Sickert's and Rembrandt's, might be called "literary," but the sneer loses all point because she, like the living and dead masters, is purely visual in her medium of statement.

Mr. Ethelbert White is, on the other hand, severely "unliterary." Nature, for him, is a confusion of forms to be clearly realized and then arranged into a pattern. The present exhibition is of peculiar interest because it displays his progress from a hard intellectualism to an easy freedom; from the suppression of emotion out of fear to its bold expression out of confidence. We watch him passing from his old, tight style, in which the seasons and moods of nature were ignored and only the dead shapes of things expressed, into a flaming, almost passionate statement of those psychological truths of nature which Wordsworth re-discovered. As early as 'The Thatcher' of May-July, 1925, we can mark this progress of change. In the Sussex set of September-October, 1925, the softness and fusion of forms have become obvious, and drama, as in 'Autumn by the Lake,' is freely let loose. The movement continues, and later on in 'The Old Town of Venice' we find a loveliness of colour which the early work never even suggested. Completing the circle of the room, we are able, in one glance, to compare 'Pollogh Quay' with 'Valdemosa,' and to see how Mr. White, by sheer hard work, has equipped himself for emotional speech. He has learnt his craft and need never be afraid again: however much he succumbs to his emotions they will never run away with his mind. He is firm-based and can advance boldly.

Mr. Wadsworth's pictures are almost entirely of shipping. I have observed again this week the preponderance of this subject among modern painters. In the St. Tropez set he has used the artificial form of a raised curtain to frame his work. Surely the symbolism of yearning for escape can be carried no further: the curtain lifted for a moment that we may glimpse the ships and all they signify. None the less, Mr. Wadsworth is technically the least romantic of painters. Every shape is clearly defined and there is no accident of mood.

Mr. Guevara has been away a long time, or so it

seems. He has returned very much more himself than he was, or at least very much less anybody else. His rich, mysterious colour, the shimmer of putrescence about his pictures, the unholy holiness are all quite distinctive. His work has the fascination and repulsion of death rotting under a hot sun. We may not care for this aspect which Mr. Guevara presents, but we must admire the power of his presentment. We are not surprised to find an introduction to his work in the catalogue by Mr. Osbert Sitwell. Mr. Sitwell's method of looking forward is to look back and sneer. Mr. Guevara's method of painting the present—surely always the artist's business?—is to show the corpse of the past.

The small *détrempe* studies by Corot at the Twenty-one Gallery are a startling discovery. How this came about is related by Mr. Campbell Dodgson in the catalogue. The medium appears to be a kind of *gouache*: it is dry and opaque. The studies are infinitely charming, subtle and poetic, like a child's dream. They belong not to the great, early Corot, but to that almost too poetical later Corot who fetches the prices. These particular works, with Corot's notes on the back, are remarkably cheap and it is satisfactory to learn that the British Museum has acquired several of the kind.

The Brook Street Gallery collection of drawings and water-colours is somehow disappointing. The names are distinguished enough, but the works, for the most part, are much what we have seen before. Mr. William Roberts, having achieved his amazing and brilliant technique, does not seem to know exactly what to do with it. I have been an admirer of his work for a long time, but I cannot help wishing that he would get on. I do not want to think that he has run into a *cul-de-sac*. Mr. Meninsky's studies are similar to those recently exhibited at the late *Mayor Gallery*, the passing of which was such a lamentable affair. I like Mr. Matthew Smith's calligraphic quality, though I miss that roaring colour of his that also adorned that butterfly gallery. Mr. Paul Nash is interesting, because he is never otherwise, but only 'A Window, Paris,' seems to me quite up to his best. The single work by Herr George Grosz has great power. There is something terrifying about the hard file of prisoners and the brutal purpose of the warder; something horribly grim in the rotten greens and mauves. Herr Grosz, it may be remembered, illustrated the Nonesuch Press edition of Herr Ernst Toller's 'Hinckemann.' Is it not time that some enterprising gallery gave us an exhibition of modern German art? Other exhibitors at the Brook Street Gallery are Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Nina Hammett and Mr. Guy Maynard.

The exhibition of the *Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours* is one of the difficulties of the critic's life. What can one do with such a large and varied exhibition but make an extract of the catalogue? The average of the show is unusually high, but the works of certain painters stand out above the rest, those for example of Sir Charles Holmes, Mr. Henry Rushbury, Mr. A. Reginald Smith, Mr. Henry A. Payne and Mr. E. T. Holding.

The *Royal Society of British Artists'* one hundred and sixty-sixth exhibition makes one gasp. How such banality of idea and dreariness of statement can survive so long is amazing. Mr. P. H. Padwick's 'The Storm' is a notable exception. The picture has deep feeling and the expression is bold and forceful. I mildly liked Mr. M. L. Trench's work. Mr. Claude Flight seemed strangely out of place and he is represented, as one would expect, by less sensational examples of his talent than one has seen elsewhere. As with Mr. Stafford Leake, one is a little uncertain whether this is not the beginning of a new academicism with Marinetti and Cézanne for the new Raphaels. There are pleasant works by Mr. R. Wilson and Mr. W. Westley Manning.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—36

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. "What Song the Syrens sang" was, according to Sir Thomas Browne, a matter "not beyond all conjecture." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Unfinished Song of the Syrens. The Song must not exceed twelve lines in length, and should break off—somewhat abruptly—at the precise moment when Ulysses found it necessary to discontinue his audition. For the purposes of this competition the Syrens may be deemed to have sung in English.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea to the two competitors who shall supply the greatest number of correct answers to the following questions in a General Knowledge of English Literature paper. In the event of more than two competitors providing equally good answers to the complete series, the prizes will be awarded to the first two correct solutions opened.

(1). State briefly what you know of the following:—Mr. Jorden, the Rev. Cornelius Whur, "Daddy" Crisp, "Waring," Thomas Poole and George Dyer.

(2). "There was ever more of him to be praised than to be pardoned." Of whom, and by whom, was this said?

(3). Supply the authors of the following quotations:

(a) Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

(b) I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

(c) "I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

(4). In what books do the following characters occur: Hannah Bint, Solomon Daisy, Lillian Winnstay, Tom Lingard, The Dormouse, Adrian Harley, Mr. Petulengro, and Mrs. Poyser?

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 36A, or LITERARY 36B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold one or more prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, November 15, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 34

SET BY D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best imaginary conversation between Mr. Drage and St. Francis of Assisi. Competitors are reminded that there is a law of libel.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best letter from a Jane Austen heroine to her mamma, on being abducted by a Sheik in the Great Arabian Desert. Letters must not exceed 250 words in length.

We have received the following report from Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

34A. It seems obvious that the great heart of England does not yet beat true, in spite of Lord Beaverbrook's weekly injections; for without exception competitors tacitly assumed, as a major proposition, that the Saint is greater than the Advertiser. In other ways as well the results were disappointing. G. L. made an early exit with facetiousness about Brother Stool and Sister Candlestick. H. A. L. Cockerell led off beautifully with "Before we come to business, Mr. Bernadone, allow me to congratulate you on your various writings, which are, I assure you, a constant source of enjoyment to my staff"—which has the right Drageworthy unction: but he spoiled it, as many others did, by tushery, and lapsed badly. Nevertheless he deserves a mark for allowing Mr. Drage to hand Saint Francis, on his way out, a copy of the Bishop of Birmingham's 'Straight Talks to Young Saints.'

Nearly everybody concentrated on furniture, whereas one would have liked Mr. Drage's considered opinion of the Lady Poverty. J. Ewing nearly succeeded, but dealt too freely in the truth. There is a law of libel. Charles G. Box made a gallant attempt to find the Saint and the Advertiser common ground in benevolence to their fellow men, and is commended for a good Drageish joke:

And now this brings up another difficulty, in stating which I don't want to cast nasturtiums (if I may display a little humour too!) at you.

Jay Aitch took advantage of his dialogue to make an oblique attack on a Great Sunday Newspaper, which is very wrong of him. Nobody allowed Saint Francis his peculiar outstanding strength of character, which shows that the awful little gushing books written about Umbria by schoolmarmes in New England are read more than one imagined. Out of a not-too-exciting batch I select for the prize Non Omnia, who combines the rudiments of the Franciscan and the Dragian systems more equally and briefly than the rest. I am afraid I cannot recommend anyone for a second prize, for although many other entries were good in parts none kept a consistently worthy standard.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Mr. D.: My name is Drage, you must know it. Can I do anything for you to-day?

St. F.: I am Francis. You may pray for me.

Mr. D.: Oh I say, that isn't business, you know.

St. F.: True, my brother.

Mr. D.: Now don't be so stand-offish. Let's talk as man to man. I want to help you.

St. F.: For your courtesy I thank you.

Mr. D.: I hope you won't think I'm being rude, but you look as happy as a bridegroom, and if that's the case I hope you will allow me to congratulate you and at the same time bring to your notice the advantages of my home-making system. Should you be thinking of setting up your little nest, do let me help you.

St. F.: You honour me, my brother, in likening me to those pure and aspiring creatures of God. Indeed my house more resembles theirs than perhaps you imagine.

Mr. D.: Quite, quite, just a humble little dwelling. Now it's precisely people in your position that I'm out

to give a friendly hand to. I've an excellent line of bungalow furniture suitable for the most bijou residence. Say the word and it'll be in your place next week.

St. F.: Indeed you are very kind. I do not entirely comprehend your language, but is it your desire to present me with furnishings for my house?

Mr. D.: Yes. Think of a nice dark oak dining-table and a bed with spring-mattress and pillow all complete.

St. F.: The holy Jacob had for his pillow a stone.

Mr. D.: Ha, ha! That's a good one. I haven't heard that. No, I'm talking about real pillows, best flock, guaranteed hygienic.

St. F.: And does hygiene produce felicity?

Mr. D.: Of course. Look here. Comfort's what you want now, isn't it? Well, comfort is what I can give you, real comfort. A snug...

St. F.: But I do not desire comfort.

Mr. D.: You don't expect me to believe that. Comfort is the one thing everyone is agreed about. All classes of society insist upon it—worship it, you might almost say.

St. F.: There is a comfort that all men need.

Mr. D.: I don't quite understand you, but I only know one sort of comfort. Now do think over my offer. A household of stuff at once. To be paid for out of income, in any amount you please.

St. F.: You would have me like Martha, cumbered about with much serving. For your charity, sir...

Mr. D.: Martha I don't know, and pardon me, charity was not the word I used. No, you simply pay me out of income.

St. F.: And what is income?

Mr. D.: Oh! I see. You are not in a regular job, money coming in steady and so forth.

St. F.: Worldly wealth I have none.

Mr. D.: Why didn't you say so before? You've no right to look so cheerful, that's all I can say. Good morning.

St. F.: God be with you, sir.

NON OMNIA

34B. This was extremely jolly, though no competitor selected the adorable Elizabeth Bennet as the Sheikh's victim. One would have thought her experience of Mr. Darcy would have qualified her admirably for desert adventure. However...

Miss E. M. Davies made her Lavinia detest her captor too sincerely, and is thereby debarred from a prize as not being familiar with the films and modern English literature. W. M. G.'s Fanny's bosom heaved with the same unalloyed emotions. Of different metal was Mrs. E. M. Hudleston's Fanny:

"Imagine, Mamma, instead of the familiar presence of Papa, this towering Form, this flashing Eye, this stern mouth softened to a wooing smile—would you not forbear to pit your fragile strength against such hopeless odds? I know all Harrogate will pour scorn upon your Girl, now alas! hardly entitled to the *sobriquet*!"

I was tempted to suggest Mrs. Hudleston for a prize, but I fear her Fanny too openly hugs her doom. Em Kay's Lavinia is too on-coming a minx. Lester Ralph's Marianne puts her case for matrimony (Oriental style) with excellent sobriety and a pretty turn of phrasing. C. H. Pryor deserves a mark for "He has seven wives, and I am to be the chief. This information, added to the fact that he will not be obliged to provide the wedding breakfast, will prove an additional satisfaction to dear Papa." R. H. Pomfret gave his Sheikh respectable connexions in Sussex, and is recommended. The contribution with the most Janeish flavour (though all knew their Jane) I consider to be that of Miss Lucy Lanchester, whom I recommend for the prize. The second prize goes to Jane Whyte, whose Catherine is obviously a sister of Lydia Bennet.

THE WINNING LETTER

Dear Mamma,

You will be shocked and alarmed at my news. I am the last person to seek an adventure, but this was thrust on me. However, dear Mamma, I assure you there is no occasion to swoon. I am safe, although I have been abducted by Sheikh Agra into the great Arabian Desert. It is only a ransom he requires. I now realize the advantage of possessing a plain and insignificant person. As Papa is wealthy, the ransom is easily procured. I dwell in a tent, and have an armed guard, but am treated with every consideration. The food that is set before me, although other than that to which I am accustomed, is palatable; it consists mainly of dates and milk. The couch on which I repose is comfortable. I am mostly left to my own resources and pass the time tating the border for your quilt. Fortunately I carried this work in my reticule. Dear Mamma, I should be glad if Papa would dispatch the ransom by return, as I need change of linen. Also the life is monotonous. The Sheikh visits me daily. He is genteel and intelligent, and I look forward to the conversations, which are on abstruse subjects, such as astronomy, magic, politics. His knowledge of the two former is profound, of the latter superficial and incorrect. The messenger waits, so I must conclude.

Your respectful and loving daughter,

EMMA

LUCY LANCHESTER

SECOND PRIZE

My Dear Mamma,

Pray pardon me for not having written before. I fear both you and Papa may have been unhappy about me. I hope too that my sisters do not find my behaviour odd—I would not for the world behave improperly. But, dear Mamma, he is the most delightful young man, so tall and of such a romantic disposition, so polite, and he treats me with the greatest respect. I enclose a sketch of his profile.

How I wish I had been more diligent in my French lessons, as he speaks that language. My dear Jahiz is instructing me in Arabic and I find it very pleasant and not at all tormenting. I am reading the poems of my beloved Cowper to him.

I do not like a camel so much as a phaeton, and a tent is sadly inconvenient in many ways.

We shall be married by a Muhammedan clergyman—I have not yet learnt what they are called in Arabic—when we get to a town. The scenery here is very different to that at home.

Jahiz sends his love and all that is proper to you, Papa and the girls, and believe me, my dear mamma, to be your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

CATHERINE.

JANE WHYTE

LITERARY COMPETITION 33

Mr. Dyneley Hussey sends us this note:

"An entry for this competition has arrived from Athens too late for consideration in the award of prizes. Athenian's contribution would not have won him a place above Mr. Laird and Mr. Ralph, but he deserves commendation for the following answers:

(d) Immense Etha, the noise of your invocation runs (literally spurts) amiably over the world.

Poitrine de Caleçon, or Point de Caleçon, is the name used by the French aristocrats for the revolutionaries, as they thought the word Sans Culottes was vulgar. The name was afterwards used for a kind of lace.

Lord Raingo was the inventor of the umbrella.

May I add that I did not see the full point of Aeronaut's answer to the second part, which was so beautifully brought out by the printing of *Optimis Maximis* with capitals. Was this clever reference to Mr. Hardy's Order of Merit intentional, Mr. Aeronaut? If so, I shall be pleased to send you any volume of Mr. Hardy's works you care to choose, though I still think that the prize-winner's answer best fulfilled the conditions of the competition.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

IN 'Pedro de Valdivia' (Heinemann, 15s.), Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham has a subject eminently congenial. His hero is one of the most remarkable of Spanish soldiers (most of the Spanish conquerors of South America were originally civilians) and his theme is the subjugation of Chile. Valdivia was not a man of genius strictly comparable with Quesada and Cortés, but he had extraordinary force of character, and his story, which has found so peculiarly qualified a narrator, was very well worth telling.

'My Early Life' (Methuen, 30s.) is the Kaiser's apology for the first thirty years of his career. It would appear that he has endeavoured to give prominence to the human rather than the purely regal side of his life, but there is much matter relative to his passion for the development of Germany's sea-power.

One of the most attractive books of the week is 'A Study of Swinburne,' by T. Earle Welby (Faber and Gwyer. 16s. Illustrated). Mr. Welby, who some years ago produced a monograph on Swinburne which was very highly praised, has for the present volume had access to much unpublished material. We need say no more now of a book which we hope shortly to review at some length.

'Family Views of Tolstoy' (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.) has been written chiefly by members of Tolstoy's family. Its sections deal with Tolstoy in relation to music, to Dickens, to the land, to the original of Natasha Rostov, and the book includes what is described as the first precise account of his flight from his home and his death.

A further selection from the articles, for the most part critical, which the late Mr. Clutton-Brock wrote, will be widely welcomed. In 'Essays on Literature and Life' (Methuen, 6s.) his subjects include 'Puritanism and Art,' 'Poets on Poetry,' 'Hazlitt,' 'Mr. George Moore,' and the volume concludes with a poem of some length.

'Gorgeous Times' (Methuen, 5s.) gives us a number of the sketches which Mr. E. V. Knox ('Evoc') has contributed to *Punch*.

'Essays in Popular Science' (Chatto and Windus, 16s.), by Professor Julian Huxley, deals with heredity, the determination of sex, the meaning of death, evolution and purpose, and other subjects. Of his purely scientific claims to attention it is unnecessary to say anything, but it may not be out of place to remind readers that he has inherited a remarkable gift for lucid and entertaining exposition.

'Michael Collins' (Harrap, 42s.) is terrifying to the eye, being in two massive volumes, but is light enough in the hand. Its author, Mr. Piaras Béaslai, has endeavoured to provide a full account of the part played by Collins in an extremely important, confused and embittered period of Irish history. It is written with ample personal knowledge, and the author has delayed producing it till he was free of all official restraint.

'The Wood Demon' (Chatto and Windus, 5s.), by Anton Tchekhov, is a comedy in four acts, originally planned with Savorin, now for the first time translated into English. Though the comedy was rewritten and, with a totally different construction, became 'Uncle Vanya,' 'The Wood Demon' is not merely a first draft; it is a finished and independent play.

'The Courtesan in Literature and Life' (Casanova Society, 42s.) is an elaborate anthology made by Mr. C. Hayward illustrative of the higher harlotry. His method has been to take his descriptions and scenes from Greek and Latin and modern literatures. Those who need a 'Who's Who' of the half-world will find it in this work.

REVIEWS

HAYDON'S EPIC

By T. EARLE WELBY

The Autobiography and Memoirs of B. R. Haydon. With an Introduction by Aldous Huxley. Peter Davies. 2 vols. 21s.

AT any time during the last thirty and more years it would have been difficult in any gathering of literary people to have found more than one or two who had read the great book now reprinted by Mr. Davies and about to be reprinted, I understand, by several other publishers. My own acquaintance with it, made some fourteen years ago, was accidental, and never have I taken up a book with less expectation. Haydon, well, one knew about Haydon. As a painter he had misunderstood himself more posterously than any other man of intelligence, it may be supposed, ever misunderstood his gifts for any kind of artistic work. To be sure, among his contemporaries was Southey, and the man who achieved only, in verse, with 'The Battle of Blenheim' wasted years on frigid and enormous epics; but dismiss Southey the poet and there remains the author of the perfectly managed life of Nelson, of the still finer, though even now much less generally applauded, life of Wesley. Of Haydon the painter there remains nothing but furious pretentiousness. Why trouble to read his autobiography, except for reminiscences of Keats and Wordsworth and other genuine artists of his time? And if one cares about that kind of thing, there is Crabb Robinson to be exhausted before one need turn to Haydon.

So one incurious reader thought then, and so many must still think. The conversion of indifference into excited admiration will follow, not on the discovery that Haydon's recollections of great writers of his day are unusually vivid, but on the surprise of finding that the man himself matters immensely, is truly an heroic figure, and that the sublimity he was always vainly straining after in his pictures is in fact attained in his proud and piteous record of a life doomed to end in total failure by an insane obstinacy in misdirection of so much energy. After long and shameful neglect, Haydon's autobiography is now, most probably, on the verge of becoming popular. In being praised, it will be mispraised, and here and there the impression will be created that it is simply or mainly an unusually excellent volume of gossip about some of the chief ornaments of a specially interesting period. Criticism will be wise if, denying itself the luxury of quotation from the many clear and vigorous portraits in words drawn by this singularly unsatisfactory painter, it devotes itself to the extraordinary success of the book in giving to the struggles of a man with no genius for painting an interest that could hardly have been greater if Haydon had possessed the powers of the supreme masters of that art in which he absurdly thought himself equipped at every point.

In logic, it ought to be impossible for us to feel with him in triumphs so illusory, in failures so inevitable; in fact, we feel with him as we feel with Balzac. When, with so ill-based a vanity, he looks forward to the achievement that will cover him with eternal glory and strike every detractor dumb, we are as much moved as when Balzac, pausing in the creation of the one world that can be weighed against Shakespeare's, takes the air at a window to eye a Paris which he will dominate. But Haydon's story is not to end as Balzac's did, in the realization of his dream, in the good fortune of death at the time when personal disillusion lay not far ahead. It was to end in terrible revelation of the value the world set on his frenzied labours, and in death by his own hand.

His beloved is not the woman whom he will marry when he has combined fantastic financial success with tremendous artistic notoriety; she is his wife, his "dear love," "a heroine in adversity, an angel in peace," to whom he has long been married, waiting there at Brighton for the wretched £2 he is able to send as the result of the public interest excited by an exhibition which was to have established him finally among the greatest painters of all time. The agonized accounts of that exhibition, set down day by day, are such reading as breaks the heart. For thirty years he has fought indomitably for recognition of what he is positive is genius. Misfortunes have crowded upon him, debts, the deaths of children; but at intervals he has extorted, by sheer force of personality, and from great men, the tribute which was not due to his poor and violently strained talent. Now, at sixty, he gathers up all his force, and throws out his final challenge to the world. His energy, confidence and resolution are superb.

Next door to the exhibition of Haydon's pictures the public can see Tom Thumb. Five days after the opening of the exhibition Haydon is writing, "In God I trust"; a week later the rumble of the coming catastrophe can be heard:

O God, bless my receipts this day, for the sake of my creditors, my family, and my art. Amen.

Receipts 22 £1 2 0
Catalogues 3 £0 1 6

They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a rabies, a madness, a furor, a dream.

Five days later the exhibition of pictures closes, with a loss of over £100 to Haydon. He stands up, ruined when he looked for fortune and fame, maddened by the thought that once upon a time famous friends would not have failed him, absurd in his delusion about his powers, magnificent in his inability to stay defeated. But two months later the petty and justified forces of the world are too much for the preposterous and epical creature:

22nd. God forgive me. Amen.

Finis
of

B. R. Haydon.

"Sketch me no longer on this rough world."—Lear.

With prayers for his family and his creditors, he puts down the pen, and kills himself, with his customary resolution.

Haydon's is a great book because he was a great man. Given the facts, he should be one at whom, at least till the end, we know not whether to laugh or weep: he is a man, in his passionate autobiography, whom we must salute with profound admiration. And it may be that he is a man whom we should envy. Vanity makes great autobiographies, and Pepys and Casanova and, still more, of course, Cellini were entitled to be vain. But who except Haydon ever had all the consolations of great genius without the genius? He saw, in those dreadful last days, the horror of his position, but he saw also a man of supreme genius hounded by the world to the death which the world has so often inflicted on its greatest men. He felt that the world was losing one of the chief of the children of light because it loved darkness. He had the vision of a posterity which has naturally kept his pictures in the lumber-room redressing the stupendous wrong. His one legacy to us is this brave, great book, which, musing over all it tells us, I for one must decline to consider the story of failure; a painful book, and in the concluding passages almost intolerable, and yet a book which leaves us proud of the sublimity with which a human being may comport himself even while ludicrously self-deluded. To be the martyr of an art in which one is a duffer is after all still to be a martyr.

JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES

Translations and Tomfooleries. By Bernard Shaw. Constable. 6s.

"THEY may disgust the admirers of my more pretentious work; but these highbrows must remember that there is a demand for little things as well as for big things, and that as I happen to have a few little things in my shop I may as well put them in the window with the rest." Thus G. B. S. in defence of his tomfooleries, and the defence is absolute. They are little things, as little as the charades which highbrows act on select Sunday evenings. But it is not the highbrows, surely, who will feel disgust. It is the grim and the grave, the theatrical Puritans to whom the earlier plays were addressed, who will be wondering whether even so versatile a prophet as Father Bernard ought to bang the pulpit with a jester's bladder. The jests, to be precise, contain two old friends, 'Bashville' and 'Press Cuttings.' How sweetly Bashville falls upon the ear; it is the very essence of Jacobean hoppity-hoppity, a perfect satire of the line that began by being mighty and mountainous and ended by being flat prose with a hillock or two. Open it anywhere:

But me, above the belt, he may perform on
T' th' height of his profession. Also Bashville.

The bell rings.

'Press Cuttings' dates, of course, and will be a dark mystery to the youngsters who knew not Pankhurst. 'A Glimpse of Reality' is not tomfoolery; it is a tragedietta of medievalism which bears reading twice and thinking on. 'Passion, Poison, and Petrification or The Fatal Gazogene, a Brief Tragedy for Barns and Booths,' is pure charade. It was written for the Actors' Garden Party and is dated by the fact that 'Bill Bailey' was the folk-song of the year. The idea is of a man who is poisoned, is advised to take lime for a remedy, eats the ceiling, then drinks water, and is turned, by internal solidification, into a most realistic statue. It is a lark, rising not to heaven's gates, but high enough. 'The Fascinating Foundling' is nonsense less winged for flight, but feathered here and there with a Shavian plume. 'The Music Cure,' which had, we believe, a London run at the Little Theatre, is the kind of thing which now goes into revues played at furious tempo. Mr. Ronald Jeans or Mr. Noel Coward might have done it better. But nobody could have improved on Mr. Shaw's impish adaptation of Siegfried Trebitsch's 'Frau Gitta's Sühne' with which Miss Violet Vanbrugh recently toured the country. Herr Trebitsch handles all the Shavian pieces for the German-speaking market and this is Mr. Shaw's return of compliment. 'Jitta's Atonement,' as he calls it, is a heavy drama in the Teutonic style, of which we now have "a frankly comedic British version." "Trebitsch," writes Mr. Shaw, "being a German poet, has a certain melancholy delicacy which escapes my comparatively barbarous and hilarious occidental touch." Trebitsch goes so far as to say, "You have made my last act almost a comedy." "Almost" is good. So is the last act. So is Mr. Shaw's brief little preface. Why is not the piece given a West End theatre? It is written in two moods, of course, the author's and the adapter's, but there is quite enough of the latter to make gravity dance. Moreover it is real comedy, not tomfoolery, which has found its way into the translation.

ROMANCIER AND FARMERS' FRIEND

The Days of My Life: An Autobiography by Sir Rider Haggard. Edited by C. J. Longman. 2 vols. Longmans. 28s.

A WRITER of ability, unless he is given to brag, will do best with the subject he knows best, and that is himself. Few can pretend to the extraordinary

candour of Pepys, but no writer who is fairly honest about himself can be dull. Sir Rider Haggard's autobiography up to his fifty-fifth year is honest, well written, and thoroughly interesting, being full of odd adventure and sound reminiscence. The public who believe that a maker of romances must be a man of special interest are often disappointed, for a writer must have a largely sedentary career and may be drawing on his imagination or second-hand matter, while others are actually living the stuff he imagines. Bret Harte, in spite of his fine stories, knew little at first hand about the miners he depicted. But Rider Haggard went to South Africa at nineteen and spent several busy years at the storm centre of things. He was deep in the conflicts and tragedies of a painful time, and he knew well great administrators who won, as usual, scant recognition at home. As a member of a special Commission to the Transvaal, he was nearly murdered through the machinations of a witch-doctor, being only led out of an ambush by his love of moonlit scenery. When he was making for England to marry, his father, a big, handsome squire with a booming voice and an angry way of banging doors, turned him back—all for his good, we gather, in the sequel.

His first book, 'Cetewayo and his White Neighbours,' was carefully documented by the study of Bluebooks, but he had to publish it at his own expense, though it did well when reissued later. An unknown and singularly beautiful girl started him on fiction with 'Dawn,' and when on his return to England he had taken up the law as a profession, success came from his romances. Andrew Lang, whom in some ways he rather overrates, took up his work, admired his bold imagination, lectured him on style. He had a long innings with books of adventure, ancient and modern, in various parts of the world, but he was best in his own Africa, perhaps best of all in his sad book, 'Jess.' He tired of fiction after a time—the recipe, it must be confessed, was well used—and did really valuable work in his 'Farmer's Year' and 'Rural England.' Agriculture, which so many politicians have taken up and dropped in their casual way, was very near his heart, and he persevered with his work as a Commissioner after many rebuffs. When he had prepared an elaborate Report on Labour Colonies, it was welcomed by a Minister, who added, "But Arthur won't read it—you know Arthur won't read it."

The book includes many amazing cases of details and persons put into fiction turning out to be real, even to the name adopted, and a story of an eminent Egyptologist dreaming so resolutely about the examiner's room and the texts to be set next day that he got up and read them till breakfast-time. The room, the papers—all answered to his prevision. Dreams have helped us sometimes, but not to that extent. The author himself often felt the guiding hand of Providence in his life. His 'Note on Religion' at the end is simple and rises to eloquence. He was a courageous and kindly man with a great desire to serve his country, and, above all, a man of deep affections.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

In Many Parts. By Lieut.-Col. W. P. Drury. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.

COLONEL DRURY is well known as the part-author of one of the most successful plays of our time; but he has other claims to distinction. Educated at Brentwood—where he had Sir Neville Chamberlain as a schoolmate—he proceeded to Sandhurst, joined the Marines, witnessed the capsizing of the *Victoria*, was present during the Cretan rising, rendered valuable assistance to Lord Roberts in his campaign for National Service, and afterwards commanded the platoon of Royal Marines at Roberts's funeral in St. Paul's, served during the war as a military intelligence

officer and journeyed a thousand miles up the River Amazon. In addition to all these he has written several novels, made many speeches, exhibited at the Suffolk Galleries and lost the sight of an eye.

In the course of his active and adventurous career Colonel Drury has encountered many notable personages, and his recollections range from the late Duke of Norfolk to the present ex-Kaiser. Concerning the latter a characteristic story is told. When Colonel Drury was stationed at Malta, the island was visited by the Kaiser and Kaiserin, who remained several days. It was at length found that the distinguished guest's frequent visits to the Wardroom Mess were becoming a source of some embarrassment. A young officer was in consequence told off to wait upon him:

"I have been deputed to ask you, sir," he grinned, "to consider yourself an honorary member of our mess during the remainder of your stay in Malta."

With all his faults William was at heart a sportsman. No one laughed more heartily than he as, in the usual stereotyped phraseology, he accepted the invitation. For he knew that an honorary member not only pays for his own entertainment, but has the privilege on occasions of paying for that of his hosts as well.

Among the well-known figures that flit through the pages of this book are Sir Doveton Sturdee, Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Annie Thomas, the Victorian novelist, and the Duke of Northumberland. There are, too, some good stories of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Colonel Drury relates how once Mr. Kipling gave him some very sound advice on a subject with regard to which he may be deemed an expert. "Play for safety where the gods of India are concerned," he said; "have nothing to do with idols if you can avoid it." That advice, unfortunately, came too late, and the experiences that befell the author after his purchase of a brazen image of the Hindu goddess, Lakshmi, in a Bombay bazaar, will provide interesting material for the student of psychical research.

Colonel Drury reveals himself in these pages as a whole-hearted lover of life and of his fellow-man. Even his prejudices command our respect. We have one trifling complaint to make against him, however. The inclusion of an index would have materially lightened the labours of the reviewer and could hardly have detracted from the enjoyment of the reader.

THE WORLD OF MR. CRUMMLES

Vincent Crummles, His Theatre and His Times. By F. J. Harvey Darton. Wells, Gardner, Darton. 42s.

MR. HAROLD BRIGHOUSE once wrote an interesting criticism of what he called 'Rolls-Royce Books.' To this class Mr. Darton's book must be assigned. It is a grandiose affair in appearance and should easily satisfy those who choose books by their looks. Within the covers they will find seventy pages of Mr. Darton's researches and reflections on the provincial theatre of a hundred years ago. Then the theatrical portions of 'Nicholas Nickleby' are reprinted with notes. The whole is decorated with some moderately interesting prints and reproductions, the edition is limited to four hundred copies, and the price is two guineas. The severe limitation of the edition is probably wise. This is not every man's idea of a bargain.

One of Mr. Darton's points is that the portraiture of Crummles and his colleagues is accurate stage-history. We do not doubt it. There would seem, therefore, to be less value in the collection of trivial facts which emphasize the squalor and stupidity of the nineteenth-century stage already made plain by Dickens. There is a type of sentimental romantic who leaps into vast enthusiasm over booths and circuses, and his grandchildren will be doing much the same sixty years on when somebody writes the history

of the early cinema. It is surely undeniable that the theatre of Crummles is of no possible interest except as a background, which Dickens made it, or as a curio for "period" collectors who will tolerate any ugliness or folly so long as it "dates." The provincial theatres of a hundred years ago are about as important to the history of English drama as the picturedrome in a back street of Coketown will be to the history of the cinema, which may turn out to be a great history. Whether Goldsmith did, or did not, appear with some strolling players at Tenterden in Kent is another issue which Mr. Darton finds it jolly to discuss. We are not all so easily excited. The nineteenth century was the most dramatic in the history of England; the vast and swift social changes provided the theatre with the richest opportunity to be the abstract and brief chronicle of its time. Thanks to Crummles and company the theatre did nothing of the kind, rejected any contact with current thought and art, and was content to be a two-pence coloured raree-show for imbeciles. A great novelist could extract the human values from the booth; plodding researches into the circuits and the ceremonial of Crummles are a different and less interesting matter.

THE FRENCH POETS

The Oxford Book of French Verse. By St. John Lucas. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

THE revised and considerably enlarged new edition of this excellent anthology, a selection as critical as, and more comprehensive than, that made years ago by Mr. George Saintsbury is to be welcomed for many reasons. For one thing, and we will not apologize for the digression, it should do something towards bringing its editor into the position he has long deserved. As a poet, as the author of one of the best novels of school life in existence and of many graceful and amusing short stories, as an anthologist, he has claims which, inexplicably, have been allowed without resulting in his definite establishment in public reputation. Here we are concerned with him only as an anthologist, a capacity in which he shows catholicity enough to include the best of every school and independence enough to reveal his own preferences. In the volume before us, to cite one instance of his indifference to the fashions of the day in France, we find him giving a fair amount of space to the once perhaps over-rated, now certainly under-rated, Sully Prudhomme, and on the other hand, while including the masterly innovators of the last generation, resolute in shutting the door against certain applauded experimentalists. It is rather surprising to find him so generous towards Alfred de Musset, and so niggardly towards Théophile de Viau, but he is extremely happy in dealing alike with Ronsard's circle and with the Romantics.

The effect of the book on the average reader will be the restoration of Victor Hugo to pre-eminence. So empty, so pompous, so intoxicated with his own fluency, Hugo has wearied every admirer. The distinguished man of letters who answered the question "Who is the greatest French poet?" by "Victor Hugo, alas!" spoke for all of us. But Hugo in such a selection as this made by Mr. St. John Lucas! Here, with some of the loveliest of the poems on children, is the 'Tristesse d'Olympio,' 'Oceano Nox,' 'Paroles sur la Dune,' 'Booz endormi,' that magnificently symbolic poem of 'Le Chasseur Noir,' and that song of songs sung by the lover whom the wind across the

mountain maddens, and that matchless serenade, 'Si tu veux, faisons un rêve.' Where in the world is there a body of lyrical poetry exhibiting a wider range of emotion or a more triumphant technique? Let us thank Mr. St. John Lucas for causing us to forget what rant and extravagance surrounds such masterpieces.

THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE

The 'Arcturus' Adventure: An Account of the New York Zoological Society's First Oceanographic Expedition. By William Beebe. Putnam. 25s.

OCEANOGRAPHIC expeditions, unless they go seriously wrong, do not at first sight promise much in the way of adventure, but Mr. Beebe has the faculty of creating adventures everywhere he goes and re-creating them before his readers in vivid chapters. The *Arcturus*, fitted out by private generosity on a scale which the scientists of less prosperous countries can only envy, sailed for the Sargasso Sea on February 10, 1925. It had a pulpit or observation-cage slung from the bows and a boom-walk 30 ft. long on the port side, adapted, as the Director explains, from his recollection of Howard Pyle's drawing of a pirate's captive walking the plank. This enabled observations and specimens to be taken outside the churned-up wake. The captain and officers had instructions (which they ruthlessly carried out) to sound the horn whenever they sighted any living thing. The writer describes with feeling how they were awakened by the dismal blast every day at dawn to turn out on the chilly deck and see, with a notable lack of enthusiasm, a solitary tropic-bird which at that hour regularly visited the ship. "As we turned back to our cabins" (on the fifth day) "one morose scientist was heard to mutter, 'It may be bad luck to shoot an albatross, but I'd like to take a chance on that tropic-bird.'"

Horrible scenes took place in the laboratory during stormy weather, when scientists, fishes, valuable instruments and chemicals and other liquids were hurled indiscriminately about by the plunging of the ship. In the Sargasso they took scores of *Leptocephali*, the larval stage of the eel, which breeds nowhere else; in the Pacific they struck a current rip where a long ribbon of flotsam and jetsam, held in suspension by opposing drifts, attracted a wealth of bird life. The phalaropes found wintering here were identical with our own red-necked phalarope, although Mr. Beebe's use of the American names does not make this clear. In the Galapagos they attempted to climb a volcano during eruption, and dived (in bathing costume with a helmet simply resting on the shoulders, ventilated by pumping through a garden hose) after rare and brilliant fishes, in waters teeming with large sharks, which never molested them. The description of submarine sensations and sights in tropical seas is particularly good. They also visited the hackneyed treasure-island of Cocos, and kept intensive observation of a sample spot in the Pacific sixty miles from land—a pillar of water, as the author puts it, nearly a mile in height. Here they collected some most suggestive facts about the speed with which desert islands may acquire haphazard a colonist fauna and flora. The illustrations and the production generally are excellent; few recent travel books are so full of true enthusiasm, and arouse so much of it in the reader.

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NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

The World of William Clissold. Books V and VI. By H. G. Wells. Benn. 7s. 6d.
Rosa. By Knut Hamsun. Knopf. 7s. 6d.
Young Malcolm. By George Blake. Constable. 7s. 6d.

THOSE who expected from the third instalment of 'William Clissold' an amplification of his personal history will be disappointed. A dialogue or two with Clementina concerning the faults of women—a violent death embracing them both—a note on Clissold's career by his brother Dickon, extenuating, apologizing, and interpreting, and we come to page 885 and last. Sir Richard Clissold's memoir might well have been a prelude to the whole work, instead of its tail-piece. It gives us what we sorely needed, an objective view of William. It gives us some inkling of his appearance, his mannerisms, his foibles, his moods. It explains that the acerbity and irritability of his controversial manner came upon him as he used the pen, and left when he laid it down. Most important of all, it touches upon his weaknesses. Want of reference to, indeed apparent unawareness of, these had made of Clissold an always truculent and sometimes a disagreeable companion. Like an obstinate child, he will not "say he is sorry." "(My other love-adventures) happened; they entertained me, some of them delighted me. I make no apology for them, and I do not repent." Very well, you bad boy. But he does, in effect, repent. "But there was little beauty in them, and a sort of pettiness pervaded them. I find the condemning quality about them an idleness, a pointlessness." Well, that is a sign of grace. But what a reluctant, ungenerous admission. Too often Clissold has the air of a small boy setting out to reform his governess; he talks big about what he means to do; but the moment she enforces her authority he gives way, crestfallen and sulky. And his arrogance is portentous. "No social state has ever been conceived, *nor can I conceive any*" (italics are mine) "in which most of the men and women will not be leading subordinated lives." Had Dickon confided his explanatory aside to us earlier, we should have been prepared to make for Clissold the allowances he never makes for anyone else, and so liked him better.

In this volume Mr. Wells's ideas are on the whole more constructive and his prevailing mood is more sanguine. There are exceptions. He devotes a very brilliant section to chastizing that hardened whipping-boy, the Public School System. He can see little good in our ancient universities. "Few of the dons," he complains, "are of a quality to grip the undergraduate imagination. Many of the most conspicuous seem to be wilful 'Freaks.' . . ." Well, well. Clissold had no direct experience of either of these institutions; and he would be the first to agree that it would be inadequate to criticize laboratories as the homes of smells and small explosions. He makes a business, not an art, of living; it is not life, but life's-work that absorbs him. "Waste" is his *bête-noire*; and by waste he means any form of activity which is not in sympathy with his own. He is averse from all forms of recreation, and advocates a Sabbath every ten days:

The new social life [he says] will be the life of people in close and keenly interested contact with the realities of economic, directive and administrative affairs. They will have no time for systematic attendance at courts, parliaments, race-meetings and the like; they will find much better fun in the work they are doing. And there will be no capital, no court, no parliament and no race-meetings. I doubt if these adults will have any use for mass assemblies.

We flinch from the thought of these adults. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; more, it dehu-

manizes him. Clissold, when he seeks a metaphor for himself, goes to the animal kingdom and the realm of machinery. "Dickon and I," he says, in a burst of uncharacteristic self-abasement, "are, after all, at best early patterns, 1865 and 1867 models." He never claims a share in that divinity which owes no homage to the sun. But this last ricochet of Mr. Wells's pebble is far the most impressive of the three. The book rises into sonorous cadences proclaiming the progress of the human race, it soars, it almost takes wings. Honesty rings from every page, like the sound of a hammer on an anvil. A sort of splendour and exaltation accompanies this exhibition of forthrightness and plain-speaking. In the clearing of the air new prospects disclose themselves; whether more pleasing than those we know, whether peopled by men less vile, we leave Mr. Wells's readers to determine.

Morbid, romantic, innocent, lustful, what strange beings these are that wander fitfully across Knut Hamsun's pages. How seriously does he mean us to take them? How much conscious irony underlies his apparent irresponsibility? The grave, sinister voluptuary, Mack; the astute, simple-minded Benoni Hartvigsen; the aristocratic Englishman who drank till his eyes were stiff and took no notice of anyone; the Baroness Edvarda, whose table-manners were so bad that she always buttered her bread where she had bitten it and you could hear the wine gurgling down her throat; Rosa, who married Benoni on an unsubstantiated (and untrue) report of her husband's death; her admirer, the artist, through whose mouth the story is told, whose face was so pimply that no one could take him seriously in spite of his good manners; all seem dream figures, appealing powerfully to the imagination, but obeying no law, falling into no recognizable pattern. Are we to be shocked by Mack's Christmas orgies on the feather-bed? Are we to laugh when his well-wishers buried it, only to exhume it later, when the privation had made him ill? Are we to believe that Gilbert the Lapp really smeared his



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noxious little image with poison, so that whoever touched it came out in spots upon the instant? There is a T. F. Powys, a sinister spectre, concealed in Hamsun; the townsfolk of Madder and Dodder would find themselves at home in his Norwegian village. He has a sharp eye for evil, but he does not seem to mind about it. With great gaiety and good humour, he narrates how Mack gave the captain of Benoni's ship orders which could only end in its wreck, and afterwards complacently raked in the insurance-money. Truly they are strange people with their light-hearted wickedness, their intense and pure emotions, and the flashes of beauty which constantly gleam from their every-day thoughts and actions. Hamsun is a genius who follows no signposts nor gives us any; his will is the wind's will, blowing from what quarter it likes. Of all contemporary novelists he is the least imprisoned in himself, the least a slave to indurated habitual modes of thought and presentation. But 'Rosa' displays the defects of his qualities; it is too capricious, tiring in its uncharted freedom.

'Young Malcolm' provides a welcome change. Mr. Blake's Glaswegian hero is, *par excellence*, the industrious apprentice. At school he carries all before him; he is a comfort to the parents who had sacrificed themselves for the sake of his education. They are proud of him as they cannot be proud of his brother Jock, who got a girl into trouble and involved them in disgrace. The scene in which this matter is thrashed out by the respective parents is one of the best in the book. Far from his own country, in London, with a young wife to support, and academic honours more sparingly accorded, life shows its drab side to Malcolm. Jock, turned professional footballer, covers his unworthy self with glory. Malcolm rebels, resists, repents. It is a touching story, preserved from sentimentality by the keenness of Mr. Blake's observation and his nice sense of balance. Occasionally his faculty for condensation results in insipidity; he overdigests his matter. But on the whole he portrays that most difficult character, one who is almost equally the servant and master of his circumstances, remarkably well.

SIX "BEST-SELLERS"

- The Old Bridge.* By William J. Locke. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
The Goose-feather Bed. By E. Temple Thurston. Putnam. 7s. 6d.
The Black Knight. By Ethel M. Dell. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
Pharisees and Publicans. By E. F. Benson. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
Young Anarchy. By Sir Philip Gibbs. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
Love in These Days. By Alec Waugh. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MR. LOCKE writes not of the triangle but of the rhombus. The triangle is a symbol of unhappiness, an uncomfortable figure. The rhombus promises better; even if its angles are not right angles its opposite sides are equal. Perella Annaway and Anthony Blake were young and loved each other. Beatrice Ellison and Silvester Gayton were middle-aged and might—had Mr. Locke stooped to the lure of symmetry—also have loved each other. They tried to think they did; they even, in an orgy of self-immolation, stayed at an hotel in Leeds together, so that Perella, become Mrs. Gayton by force of circumstances, might be free to marry Anthony. A cynical or a stupid writer might have allowed the story to end like this; might even have united the rich, now divorced, professor to the even richer leader of American society. Mr. Locke, neither cynical nor stupid,

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though a little sentimental, does neither. He evolves a conclusion which Henry James would not have disdained, and in which sentiment is satisfied, probability preserved, and pathos achieved. The action of the story is widely distributed: London, New York, Venice, Florence fall within its range. Mr. Locke catches their atmosphere, though he is shaky on points of detail; lucky Perella, to find a Giorgione in the Palazzo Vendramin! But throughout his work Mr. Locke has put things, thoughts, emotions, words, where he likes them and where he thinks we shall like them. He is not tamely subservient to life; but he yields to the exploitation of his own charm. But what matter, while he still has a charm to exploit?

Mr. Temple Thurston, too, is a romantic. A realist would have given us a very different circus from Ablett's; down-trodden grass, squalor, and indiscriminate sexual relationships. The down-and-out Kit would scarcely have hunted for his bareback rider Chikka through the music-halls of London and given her suave villainous patron, who had enticed her away from the circus, a black eye. The scion of a local county magnate, if he had taken a fancy to her, would probably have seduced her, instead of submitting himself to the ordeal of watching her do her turn under the eye of his sarcastic and disapproving mother. Old Ablett's harangue to the assembled county families enthroned in their three-and-sixpenny seats would certainly have been omitted. But we should have missed a good deal of fun. Mr. Thurston has a gift for portraying the humours of a vagrant hand-to-mouth existence. He makes it appear more glorious than it is, and seasons it too heavily with loyalty, courage, and other sterling virtues; but the strange precarious life, lit up by flares and relapsing into shadows, has taken firm hold of his mind and preserves the story which hangs upon it from common-placeness.

Of Miss Dell and her 'Black Knight,' what can I say? Unlike Sir Walter Scott's, he does not turn out to be Richard Cœur-de-Lion; his transformations are far more marvellous. His prototype was ghost to the ancient family to which Ermine Devereux belonged. She was a provoking person, a mass of moods, and nearly every man she met, except the White Rabbit (whom she despised), wanted to offer her violence; sometimes with reason, like her brother-in-law Hildebrand Courtenaye, sometimes, as in the case of Major Bullivant, without: without other provocation, that is, than her peculiar charm, for she was not really beautiful. The White Rabbit rescued her from him, and at her request gave him a thrashing. Impressed by this display she married him, in the course of a few days, only to be sorely tried by his natural mildness, which soon reasserted itself. But when, on a night of carnival, she fell once more into the ruffian's clutches it was The Black Knight who came to her aid. The revelation of his identity came as a surprise to her, though not to us. The sandy-haired man who cut a poor figure in the hunting-field was no *fainéant*, after all. There is a quality of breathlessness in Miss Dell's writing which carries one on, if not away; but the business of turning a blind eye to this and that extravagance leaves one too confused to appreciate her best effects.

'Pharisees and Publicans' shows Mr. Benson in his most acid mood. He is a good hater, perhaps too good; his venom makes a monster of Edith, the amiable Ronnie Everton's selfish sanctimonious wife. You would think he had none left for Priscilla, Edith's daughter, but he has:

She was an amazing prig, which was the result of the consciousness of duty instilled into her by her mother. She looked out for kind and admirable things to do, and for improving things to say, and found them in multitudes about her path. She was as good as gold, and in consequence a little apt to be dazzled by her own brightness, until she remembered that humility was a Christian virtue, and was pleased with herself for immediately exercising it. She had

determined to be a missionary before she grew up, but she had really been a missionary long before that. But it wasn't Priscilla's fault. . .

Small wonder that Ronnie betook himself, as an escape from all this, to the sympathetic, agreeable Mrs. Gerrard. His adultery seems natural and praiseworthy; his wife's efforts to divorce him (she relied, mistakenly, on being sought in re-marriage by the rector of the village), though legitimate enough, appear indefensible. Only the actions of the technically unjust smell sweet and blossom in Mr. Benson's story. It is easy to discredit conventional morality and a duller pen than Mr. Benson's could have done it, though not as thoroughly, or with so much relish. But are the righteous always self-righteous, and do cheerful sinners always have hearts of gold?

All the preceding four are decorative writers; their business is to amuse. Sir Philip Gibbs and Mr. Alec Waugh turn an inquiring eye upon the contemporary world. The former examines political unrest; the latter, those phenomena of modern social life of which the cock-tail illustrated on the cover of his book is a sufficient emblem. They are moralists; they join hands in finding much to deplore, or at all events much to explain away, in the "latitude" of thought and behaviour practised by the post-war generation. 'Young Anarchy' begins with party politics at Oxford and ends with the general strike; 'Love in These Days' analyses the relationships of a group of people whose ties, though intimate, are loose. On the whole Sir Philip is the more impartial observer, contenting himself with the remark that the two words "obedience" and "duty" "do not enter the language or mentality of this post-war generation." Mr. Waugh sums up definitely in favour of the Moral Law as Victorians would have understood it, and the climax of his story is made to illustrate his opinion. In both books there is abundance of incident; Sir Philip Gibbs's hot-tempered bishop orders his footmen to remove his son, who has delivered himself of Socialist sentiments, forcibly from the dinner-table. These are two earnest, competent, if somewhat unhumorous books.

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cerned will only supply spirit in cans to commercial consumers at twopence per gallon above bulk prices except in the London Metropolitan Police Area. (5) Retailers may supply commercial consumers from bulk installations at a halfpenny per gallon below the can price charged by the companies, and (6) the names of firms or persons appearing in the register of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders in their proper classification shall be eligible to be supplied with bulk installations without question; other applicants for pumps will form the subject of consultation with the M.T.A. Until further notice all dealers confining their business to the eight companies referred to and supporting the principle of these concessions to the public will receive, at the end of each calendar year, a further allowance or rebate of one halfpenny per gallon on all petrol sold during that period. The benefit to the public is that to-day's price of petrol is to be reduced by three halfpence to one shilling and sixpence per gallon in the London area, and by one halfpenny per gallon to the commercial consumer, the taxi owner and van proprietor. In the country districts the reduction to private motorists is to be one penny per gallon in place of three halfpence per gallon, though the commercial consumer benefits equally with his London area confrère by receiving the same halfpenny per gallon reduction.

The reduction in the price of petrol sold to the public by the dealers loyal to the "petrol combine" was officially announced on Monday. In reducing petrol prices the dealers hope, by this agreement, to secure increased business from the small commercial firms who formerly purchased their petrol from the distributing firm direct, and by lessening the price per gallon to the private motorist to prevent him purchasing his fuel from the suppliers of free or unbranded petrol and so gain further customers from the public.



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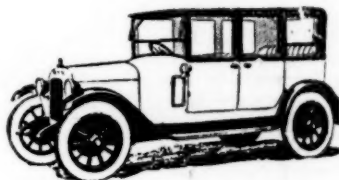
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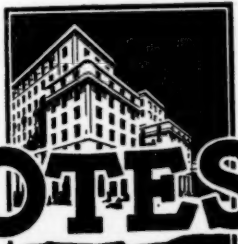
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

IT is early yet to judge the effect of the stabilization of the Belgian exchange, made possible by the successful issue of the stabilization loan last week, but it is probable that it will have a far-reaching and beneficial effect on the trade of this country. France will possibly follow Belgium's example, and Italy in her turn will take steps to stabilize the lire. We shall then once more have the European Powers with stabilized currencies, thus making long term contracts again possible as business propositions and not, as at present, merely exchange speculations. As a nation of shopkeepers it is imperative that we should have customers, and the sooner our customers are able to pay for our goods in acceptable stable currencies the better for our business. We shall also benefit from the removal of the unfair competition caused by countries with depreciated currencies selling their goods at under world prices, which not merely makes successful competition impossible, but also impoverishes the nation concerned to the extent of the difference between the world price and the price at which the goods are sold at the depreciated currency value.

CORPORATION LOANS

The fate of Corporation Loans during the last twelve months has been an unenviable one, and it was gratifying news to supporters of this class of issue to hear that recent issues had been oversubscribed. Further Corporation Loans are expected. I would draw special attention to this class of issue. They are long dated, trustee securities, carry interest at the rate of 5% are issued under par and are secured on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. These issues cannot be made without Government consent and one can almost say that the finances of each Corporation are supervised in a thoroughly efficient manner. Lastly, but by no means least, the proceeds of these loans are spent in this country. Corporation Loans have been subject to neglect owing to a mistaken idea that the safety of principal and interest can be jeopardized by the election of Councilors with advanced views. How erroneous this is, is shown by the fact that even the West Ham Loan if purchased to-day shows a yield of not much over 5½%. In the past these Corporation Loans have not been a free market on the Stock Exchange owing to the fact that they have always been closely held. Brokers invited by their clients to submit lists of trustee stocks have got into the habit of not including Corporation Loans, because so little of this class of stock was available. The conditions now having changed, it is hoped that all concerned will take steps to popularize these issues in the interest of both borrower and lender.

BRITISH CONTROLLED

The affairs of the British Controlled Company are in a difficult position. The Board, presided over by Lord Buckmaster, has resigned, and a new Board has to be appointed. It will be remembered that shareholders at present have no say in the control of their Company—this being vested in the hands of the vot-

ing trustees in accordance with the Canadian custom. The British Controlled Company has had a disastrous past. The shares were boomed up to an unjustifiable price, and I am afraid that large numbers of people find themselves holding the shares to-day having lost very heavily owing to the depreciation in price which has occurred during the last twelve months. The problem to-day is what is the best action for shareholders to take in their own interests. A meeting has been convened and presumably a committee of shareholders will be appointed. Personally, I incline to the opinion that this is a mistake. I understand the voting trustees are prepared, if it is deemed in the shareholders' interests, to take the necessary steps to absolve themselves and vest the control of the Company in the ordinary way in the holders of the preferred and common stock, but this procedure will necessarily take time. I therefore feel that the wisest thing that shareholders can do is to ask their trustees to appoint a new Board, and, having done so, to take the necessary steps as to the change of control. A movement is on foot in influential circles with the object of obtaining the services of Dr. Andreae as general manager, a position he filled under a former Board. If it is possible for the British Controlled Company to right itself, I feel Dr. Andreae is the most likely person to assist in achieving this result. I therefore suggest that shareholders should attend the forthcoming meeting and urge that pressure be put on the voting trustees to obtain the services of this eminent geologist again.

RAPHAEL TUCK

In view of the difficult times we have been passing through, shareholders of Raphael Tuck and Sons should feel that their directors have done well to be in a position to declare a dividend of 8% on their ordinary shares. The Chairman at the recent meeting reminded the shareholders that they were celebrating the twenty-fifth year of the Company. During this period conditions have changed very materially, particularly the postal rates, but it is satisfactory to note that the prosperity of the firm still remains.

BOGOTA TELEPHONE COMPANY

Dealings have recently started in the £1 ordinary shares of the Bogota Telephone Company, Ltd. The Company owns a monopoly of the public telephone service in the city of Bogota where the use of this necessary evil is apparently growing rapidly. The gross revenue of the Company has increased from £8,783 in 1914 to £40,332 last year. During the same period the number of subscribers has grown from 1,234 to 5,268. The plant is being extended so that a further 5,000 lines can be equipped. The issued capital of the Company is modest, being only £143,607 in £1 ordinary shares, and in view of the increase in the Company's business, further issues of capital will have to be made. This, I understand, will be done in due course by offering shares to existing shareholders on bonus terms. As a dividend of 12½% was paid on the ordinary shares for last year, in view of the bonus possibilities, a substantial return on the money is likely to be shown for the next twelve months. I feel, therefore, that these shares are an attractive lock-up at the present price of 32s. 6d.

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Company Meeting

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO., LTD.

INCREASED PRODUCTION AND PROFIT.

RETIREMENT OF THE CHAIRMAN.

The seventeenth ordinary general meeting of the ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD., was held on November 2 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Sir Charles Greenway, Bt. (the chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen—The report and accounts which we have submitted to you this year are again, I am pleased to say, of a very satisfactory nature, and more than confirm the forecasts I have given you in previous years. If you will turn to the profit and loss account you will see that the profit for the year is £4,383,232 as against £3,571,966 in the previous year, being an increase of over £800,000, and that after allocating £2,028,100 to reserve funds and extra depreciation, as against £1,193,000 in the previous year, the amount carried to the profit and loss account in the balance-sheet shows an increase of about £330,000. Before arriving at the trading profit of £5,711,039, shown on the credit side of the profit and loss account, we have, I should explain, written off in our main and subsidiary concerns a total of nearly £4,000,000 in respect of depreciation and special reserves, making, with the £2,028,100 dealt with in the profit and loss account before you, a grand total of about £6,000,000, which has been appropriated out of the year's earnings for depreciation and reserves.

If you will now please turn back to the first page of the report you will see that the balance at credit of profit and loss account, after making these allocations, was £4,396,699 13s. 6d., out of which we have already paid Preference dividends and an Ordinary interim dividend of 5 per cent., absorbing a total of £1,322,500, and out of the balance we now propose the payment of a final dividend of 12½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares, absorbing a further £1,118,750, and leaving a balance of £1,955,449 13s. 6d. to carry forward, subject to excess profits duty, if any, for the year ended March 31, 1927. I should have liked very much to have got rid of those words, "subject to excess profits duty, if any," but I am sorry to say that the amount of our liability still remains in doubt, and I am quite unable to give you a forecast of when a settlement may be expected, but in any case the account of our "carry forward" in the profit and loss account is far more than ample to meet any possible payment that we may have to make in respect of excess profits duty. In addition to the dividend to which I have referred, it is also proposed to give the Ordinary shareholders a more tangible interest in the prosperity of the company, by capitalising the main portion of our general reserve fund, and making a bonus issue of one Ordinary share for each two Ordinary shares held by Ordinary shareholders on the register on November 20 next, and after the conclusion of the ordinary business of this meeting I will submit to you the necessary resolutions dealing with this matter. You will see from the balance-sheet that we have now transferred the amount which formerly stood at the credit of share premium account to the general reserve account, to which it properly belongs, bringing the total of the latter to £5,163,128 11s. 6d. The proposed issue of bonus Ordinary shares will absorb £4,475,000 of this amount, leaving a balance of £688,128 11s. 6d. at credit of the general reserve fund, which we propose to build up again from time to time as opportunities occur.

Several Preference shareholders have written expressing disappointment at their not being given some share in this distribution of reserves. I am at a loss to understand their disappointment, and I would point out that the rights of the Preference shareholders under the articles of association are strictly limited to their 8 per cent. and 9 per cent. cumulative dividends, it being distinctly laid down that the Preference shareholders are not entitled to any further participation in the profits of the company. If you will remember, it was explained at the time that the Nine per Cent. Preference shares were issued, and when we were not in a position to issue Ordinary shares, that, although the money could then have been raised on much cheaper terms, this high rate of cumulative dividend was fixed upon in order to meet the views of some of the original Preference shareholders, who felt aggrieved that they were not afforded a larger share in the prosperity of the company. These shareholders, I may remind you, were given special consideration in the allotment of the 9 per cent. shares, and in view of the exceptionally good security—realisable assets of a value far exceeding the total amount of Debenture and Preference shares outstanding—which both classes of Preference shareholders enjoy, I do not think they have any reason to be dissatisfied with their investments.

I will now deal with the items calling for attention in the balance-sheet. The first one on the debit side is the Five per Cent. Debenture stock, which has been reduced by £125,000, being the amount falling due for redemption during the year. The second is the Six and a Half per Cent. Five-year Secured

Notes. These have been reduced by purchase and cancellation to the extent of £144,500, and we have now given notice of our intention to repay a further £1,000,000 of these notes on Jan. 1, 1927. This operation, which is rendered practicable by the great strength of our financial position, will, of course, result in a substantial saving in interest. The third is the employees' provident pension and insurance fund. This has been added to the extent of about £380,000, which, although most satisfactory from one point of view, is, on the other hand, undesirable, inasmuch as the large amount now standing at the credit of this fund is somewhat embarrassing to us. To overcome this difficulty we are considering the advisability of revising the rules of the fund in such a way as will secure greater benefits to the employees and at the same time provide for the control and custody of its moneys by trustees.

Coming now to the assets side of the balance-sheet, the first item calling for remark is the one under the heading of purchase price of concessions, etc., which has been reduced by the substantial amount of over £4,500,000. This reduction is largely due to the issue of £4,000,000 Debentures of British Tanker Co., Ltd., last December, which enabled that company to pay off its indebtedness to our company to the extent of over £3,000,000. A further cause of the reduction is the alteration in the system of operation of our subsidiary refinery company—the National Oil Refiners, Ltd. Formerly crude oil was sold to this company, and stocks of crude and refined products in this country appeared in its balance-sheet, and stood in the Anglo-Persian books as an advance to the company. Now, we have adopted the system, which is a more convenient one for us, of consigning the crude to the National Oil Refineries, Ltd. and letting that company refine on our account at an agreed charge. This accounts for a transference from the stocks account of the one company to that of the other of over £2,000,000. On the other hand, there has been an increase by a transfer from the next heading, "Refineries, etc.," owing to the formation of some further subsidiary companies. In connection with this item I would remind you that although the book value is only £21,880,439 18s. 11d. the actual value is enormously in excess of this figure. To take one example only, the value taken for the shares we hold in our principal producing company—the First Exploitation Company—is only 13s. per £1 share, although this company paid a dividend of 45 per cent. per annum in 1924-5, and 50 per cent. per annum in the year under review, and will no doubt pay still larger dividends in the future. To-day the position is, I may say, even more satisfactory.

Ladies and gentlemen, I will now, with your indulgence, finish on a more personal note. I told you last year that I did not contemplate immediate retirement, but I feel that the moment has now arrived when I can without prejudice to the interests of the company withdraw from my more active duties, and I therefore propose to take this step on my return from a visit which I hope to pay to our Persian fields early next year. It is naturally most gratifying to me that I can make this change at a time when the company, to the development of which I have unremittingly devoted myself for many years, is in so sound and healthy a condition, and I am confident that under the care of my colleagues, to whose high ability and loyalty I should like to pay a warm tribute, it will continue to expand and flourish. My successor, Sir John Cadman, happily needs no introduction to you, and I will only ask you to extend to him the unflinching consideration and support which you have been good enough to accord to me and for which I thank you most sincerely.

Lord Bradbury seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Sir John T. Cargill, Bt., said that on the retirement of Sir Charles Greenway from the chair his colleagues proposed to ask him to accept the title of president of the company, thereby enabling him to enjoy the leisure which he desired, and at the same time keeping him in touch with the affairs of the company.

The Rt. Hon. The Lord Bradbury of Winsford, G.C.B., said: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, as the representative on the Board of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company of His Majesty's Government, I think it is not inappropriate, perhaps, that I should add just two words to the tribute which Sir John Cargill has paid to our retiring Chairman. I think it must be of the greatest satisfaction, not only to the Government, but also to the tax-payers of this country, that the affairs of this company in which the Government is so largely interested, have, from its very inception, been in such able hands.

At the time when the Government originally took an interest in this company, I was serving the State in another capacity. I was then Secretary to the Treasury, and it fell to my lot to conduct on behalf of the Government some of the preliminary negotiations with those members of the company who were anxious that the Government should take an interest in its concerns. I very well remember the pleasant associations which I then had with Sir Charles Greenway, and the impression which I formed of his ability in the business world; that impression has ever since been confirmed. After all, the opinions of individuals on these matters are fallible and unimportant. We have the standing success of this great company as the real tribute to the genius of Sir Charles Greenway. (Applause.)

ACROSTICS

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 242

POETS: OF GREATER, AND OF LESS, RENOWN;
BOTH BORN IN ENGLAND, ONE IN LONDON TOWN.
CURFEW, AND BARD, AND THEN I SHALL HAVE MONEY,
ARE HINTS TO GUIDE OUR SOLVERS TO THE HONEY.

1. Strained in that mighty struggle was its hollow.
2. Potations pottle deep, sir, this may follow.
3. Abundant wealth, but lack of taste, denotes.
4. Too old to prey on agile deer and goats.
5. If he's at fault, then this he should be making.
6. Steers his own course, the settled line forsaking.
7. Lent to a royal house its appellation.
8. Holds rank among the judges of our nation.
9. Digestion of the best upon it wait!
10. To lose his little head is here his fate.

Solution of Acrostic No. 240.

H ypochondria	C	1 The kingdom of the Ostrogoths (eastern
O strogot	H ¹	Goths) was on the shores of the Black
R odomontad	E	Sea, from the Don to the Dnieper.
S oporiferous	S	2 The tobacco called "Craven Mixture"
E fficient	T	is well known to smokers.
C rave	N ²	3 "Armies; hosts." (No connection with
H uman	Uman	Sabbath.)
E xorcis	T	
S abaot	H ³	
T etra	O	
N utcracke	R	
U ranu	S	
T urtl	E	

ACROSTIC No. 240.—The winner is Mr. E. R. Nicholas, 12 Hillside, Wimbledon, S.W., who has selected as his prize 'Harmer John,' by Hugh Walpole, published by Macmillan and reviewed in our columns on October 23 under the title 'New Fiction.'

ALSO CORRECT: Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Ceyx, J. Chambers, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, Trike, Varach.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Astur, Glamis, Jeff, Lilian, Lady Mottram, Peter. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 239.—Two Lights Wrong: Armadale, Kirkton, Stucco, Capt. W. R. Walseley.

ACROSTIC No. 136.—Correct: Sisyphus. One Light Wrong: Gay.

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